

OVR CONTINENT

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Enigma:

By Margaret Johnson

What happy moment sees unfold
The sealed petals of the Rose?
Tell me when the blossom blows
It glowed amid a leafy nest.
Tell me when the blossom blows
The bud unopened fair to see.
I watched the folded petals red
The crimson petals folded close
I heard the robin call overhead
From tree to tree
The sun was sinking toward the West
When will there be a ruby Rose
Upon my red Rose-tree?

I felt the titful breezes pass
Tell me when the blossom blows?
Then might not reach its golden heart
The clasping petals did not part
The sun went down in ruddy flame
Across the hills the darkness came
The crickets murmured in the grass

The dewy tell-tale o'er the land
Tell me when the blossom blows?
I bowed my head upon my hand
The bud was here fair to see
But I have watched it hour by hour
Still opens not the beautiful flower
Upon my red Rose-tree

The darkness tell o'er land and sea
Tell me when the blossom blows?
A mist of dreams about me crept
With folded hands upon my knee
I bowed my prayer head and slept
Tell me when the blossom blows?
When there blossomed a perfect Rose
Upon my red Rose-tree





200625

DUST.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

AUTHOR OF "BRESSANT," "SEBASTIAN STROME," "IDOLATRY," "GARTH," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

JUNE in England sometimes combines the tender afternoon of spring with the dawning beauty of summer. There is joyful potency in the sunshine, but no white colorless glare; it seems to proceed almost as much from the face of the earth as from the sun. The air, both in light and in shadow, is of an even warmth—the happy medium between heat and cold—which, like perfect health, exhilarates us with so much subtlety that we are hardly aware of it until it is no more. Nature, who has no memory, triumphs over our weary hearts by telling over once more the sweet story, repeated a myriad times, and with such youthful zest as half to beguile us into the belief that it is new indeed. So, too, the infant man begins the heavy journey whose end we know too well, unshadowed by the gloom of our grim experience, shielded from our dreary sophistries by the baby wisdom brought from Heaven, which we can never learn. We know how soon he must lose that shield of light, yet we prolong for him, if we may, the heavenly period. For our human life is a valley, the gloom of whose depths would be too terrible to endure did we not believe that its limits, on either side, bordered on the sky.

Mr. Grant was, perhaps, peculiarly appreciative of the charm of this English season, because he had been so long exiled to the torrid damps of India. One morning, accordingly, when the family were seated round the breakfast-table, with the fresh air and sunshine streaming through the open window, he pulled out of his fob the large old-fashioned gold watch which he always carried, and having consulted it, said:

"'Tis now eight o'clock, Mrs. Lockhart. Shall you be ready in an hour?"

To which Mrs. Lockhart, who had all that morning worn upon her gentle countenance an expression of mysterious presage, strangely alien to her customary aspect of guileless amenity, replied, mantling with a smile, "Quite ready, Mr. Grant."

"At nine o'clock, then, we will set out. Marion, get on your riding-habit; you and Mr. Lancaster must accompany us on horseback."

Philip and Marion looked inquiringly at each other, and then at their elders, and Philip said: "Is this another Popish plot?"

"Nothing so unsubstantial," Mr. Grant replied. "Mrs. Lockhart and I are going to drive to Richmond Hill, and Marion and you are to escort us. The carriage and the horses will be at the door an hour hence. So—no cookery and no poetry in this house to-day!"

Marion went round to her mother and kissed her cheek. "But Mr. Grant is having a bad effect on you, mamma," she said. "You never kept a secret from me before!"

By nine o'clock everything and everybody were ready. Philip, booted and spurred, and with a feather in his steeple-crowned hat, was as handsome as one of the heroes of his own poems, who, indeed all, more or less, resembled him, and Marion had never looked so well as in her dark blue riding-habit. As for Mrs. Lockhart and Mr. Grant, they were at least as youthful as any of

the party, and the June morning glorified them all. The two elder people took their seats in the carriage; Philip helped Marion into her saddle and then leaped into his own; the coachman gathered up his reins and they started off. In a few minutes they were moving along the broad highway toward Kew Bridge, Marion and Philip riding side by side in advance. The tall elms shook green shadows from their rustling leaves, interspersed with sunbeams and sweet bird-voices; veils of thinnest cloud softened the tender horizon and drew in tranquil arcs across the higher blue. A westerly breeze, coming from the coolness where the dawn was still beginning, breathed past their faces and sent freshness to their hearts. The horses shook their heads and stretched their limbs, and slanted forward anticipative ears. Marion's cheeks were red and her eyes sparkled.

"I wish Richmond Hill were t'other side the world," she said, "and we to ride there!"

"I would ride with you as far as that, and then home the other way," said Philip.

"We should lose our road, perhaps."

"No matter, if we did not lose each other."

"Could you write poetry on horseback?"

"'Tis better to ride through a poem than to write one."

"Would this poem be blank verse or rhyme?"

"Rhyme!" cried Philip.

"Why?"

"Because that poem should make Marion rhyme with Philip."

"Yes—when it is written!"

"I would rather be the author of that poem than of any other."

Marion laughed. "You would find it very poor prose when it was done."

"It would turn all my prose into poetry, if I might hope even to begin it. Marion?"

She reined in her horse. "We are going too fast and too far, she said gravely. "The carriage is almost out of sight."

"But your mother will trust you with me," said Philip, looking at her.

"You do not know that; nor whether I care to be trusted."

"Ah! that is what I fear," said Philip, biting his lip. "You prefer to ride alone; I don't."

"You're not accustomed to it, perhaps?"

"I have been alone all my life!"

Marion laughed again. "I thought the Marquise Desmoines was a horsewoman," she said.

Philip blushed; and the carriage having by this time come up, the conversation was carried no further.

But it was impossible to be dispirited on a day like this. The deep smile of a summer morning, though it may seem to mock the dreariness of age, is generally found contagious by youth. The mind must be powerfully preoccupied that can turn its eyes inward, when such a throng of outward loveliness invites it. As the party approached the bridge, a narrow and hump-backed structure, which made up in picturesqueness what it lacked in convenience, the broad reaches of the river came into view, widening down on the left toward

distant London, and, on the right, curving round the wooded shores of Kew. The stream echoed with inward tones the blue aloft, varying its clear serenity with a hundred frets and trills of sparkling light. Many boats plied to and fro, oared by the jolly young watermen who dreamt not of railways and steam-launches. There were voices of merry-makers, laughter, and calling, after the British fashion, all taking so well the color of the scene as to appear to be its natural utterance; though when, with a finer ear, you caught the singing of the birds, that seemed the natural utterance too. Crossing the bridge, and winding past Kew Green, they began to behold, at the distance of a mile or so, the pleasant town of Richmond grouped betwixt the river and the hill. Leaving a venerable hostelry on the right, and turning sharply westward, carriage and horses trundled and tramped conspicuous along the high-shouldered street; butcher-boys and loafers turned to stare; shopkeepers stood in their doorways, rubbing supercilious hands, and smirking invitations; a post-boy, standing at the door of the Castle Inn with a pot of ale in his hand, emptied it to Marion's health; while the neat bar-maid who had fetched it for him, paused on the threshold with the corner of her apron to her lips, and giggled and reddened at handsome Philip's nod. Anon they breasted the hill, whose sudden steepness made the horses bob their heads and dig their iron toes sharply into the road. As they mounted to higher air, so did the arc of the horizon seem to mount with them, and the wide levels of rich country lying between retired from verduous green to remote blue, divided by the lazy curves of glancing Thames. It is the most cultivated prospect in the world, and second to none in wealth and variety of historical association. It gives range and breathing room to the spirits; it has endless comely charm, but it is not inspiring. It is redolent of the humdrum flatness of respectable and prosperous mediocrity. The trees look like smug green cauliflowers; and the blue of the distance seems artificial.

"I am sure there can be nothing so lovely as that in India, Mr. Grant," said Mrs. Lockhart.

"A bare rock would be lovelier than India to me if it bore the name of England," he replied.

"I thank God that I shall die, after all, within hail of so sweet a plain as that."

"No!" said Marion, in a low, disturbed voice. Her horse was standing close to that side of the carriage on which Mr. Grant sat, and the word was audible only to him. He looked round at her and added with a smile, "In the fullness of time."

The coachman began to point out the points of interest: "That's Twickenham Church, ma'am. Mr. Pope's willa is a bit further down. Yonder's Mr. Orace Walpole's place. Of a clear day, sir, you may see Winsor Cassel, twenty mile off. Hepsom will be that-away, sir."

"What do you think of it?" Philip asked Marion.

"It has a homely look," she answered, "home-like, I mean."

"Yes; we might ride round the world, and not find a better home than that," said he, pointing down the declivity to a house that stood by the margin of the river, on a smooth green lawn overshadowed by stately elms.

"Or a worse one, maybe!" she returned coldly. But the next moment she glanced at him with a smile that was not so cold.

The party moved on once more, and at the end of a little more climbing, reached the famous inn, which, at that epoch, was a much less grandiloquent structure than it is now, and infinitely more humane toward its

guests. The riders dismounted, the horses were led to the stable; and Mr. Grant, having had a confidential consultation with the host and the head waiter, proposed to his friends a ramble in the park. So off they all went, at first in a group; but after a while Mrs. Lockhart wished to sit down on a bench that was wedged between two oaks of mighty girth; and as Mr. Grant seemed equally inclined to repose, Philip presently drew Marion away across the glade. It dipped through a fern-brake, and then sloped upward again to a grove of solemn oaks, each one of which might have afforded house room to a whole family of dryads.

"I remember this grove," Philip remarked; "I was here long ago—nearly twenty years. I was an Eton boy then. It has changed very little."

"Less than you have."

"I sometimes doubt whether I am much changed either. What is it changes a man? His body grows, and he fills his memory with good and bad. But only so much of what he learns stays with him as naturally belongs to him; the knowledge he gains is only the confirmation of what he knew before. A word is not changed by magnifying it."

"But if you put in another syllable?"—

"Yes, then it becomes different: either more or less than it was before, or, may be, nonsense. But it is not learning that can put a new syllable into a man."

"What does, then?"

Philip did not immediately reply; but by-and-by he said, "I believe Providence meant our brains only to show us what fools we are. At least, that's the most mine have done for me. The more fuel we put into it, and the more light it gives out, the more clearly does it reveal to us our smallness and poverty."

"Perhaps—if we turn the light against ourselves. But clever people generally prepare to throw light upon the smallness and poverty of others."

Again Philip paused for several moments; then he said suddenly, his eyes darkening, "By God, were I to be tried for my life, I would not choose you for my judge!"

They were sitting together on the roots of one of the oaks. Marion turned her head slowly and encountered Philip's look. She put out her hand and touched his, saying, "Forgive me."

He grasped her hand and held it. At first she made a movement as if to withdraw it; but, meeting his eyes again, she let it remain. She looked away; a long breath, intermittently drawn, filled her bosom. The contact of her hand, sensitive and alive, was more significant than a kiss to Philip. He did not venture to move or to speak; thoughts flew quickly through his mind—thoughts that he could not analyze; but they were born of such emotions as joy, eagerness, self-distrust, the desire to be nobler and better than he had ever been: a feeling of tender pathos. A voice in his heart kept repeating "Marion! Marion! Marion!" with a sense that everything womanly and sacred was implied in that name. He felt, also, that a sort of accident had brought him nearer to her than he had as yet a right to come: that he must wait, and give her time.

They got up, at last, by a mutual impulse, after how long a time they knew not. They had spoken no words. They looked at each other for a moment, and each beheld in the other something that had not been visible before: there was a certain surprise and softness in the look. The touch of the hands was over; but they seemed to be encircled by a secret sympathy that sweetly secluded them from all foreign approach. The nearness was spiritual, and demanded a degree of physical seve-

rance. They moved along, with a space between them, but intimately conscious of each other.

Presently Philip said, "I am changed now; but you see, it was not memory or knowledge that changed me."

"Do you like the change?" she asked.

"I don't like to think how much time I have wasted without changing."

"Perhaps, since it pleases you so well, you'll want to change again?"

"I'm afraid you will never change!" he returned, with a cadence of half-humorous expostulation. "There'll be no more change in me this side death."

As he spoke he looked toward her; she was walking with eyes downcast, a doubtful smile coming and going about her lips. About a hundred yards beyond, in the line of his glance, a man and a woman on horseback passed rapidly across an opening between two groups of trees. Just before they swept out of sight the woman turned her face in Philip's direction, and immediately made a gesture with her right hand. Whether it were a signal of recognition, or whether it had no reference to him, Philip could not decide. A painful sensation passed through his mind; but he was glad that the episode had escaped Marion's notice. Soon after they rejoined Mrs. Lockhart and Mr. Grant; and Marion seemed to be relieved to be once more, as it were, under their protection. The importunity of an ungauged and unfamiliar joy may affect the heart like a danger.

For the rest of the day, accordingly, the four remained together, and, save for some slight intermittent anxiety on Philip's part, they were all as happy as human beings are apt to be. Marion and Philip said very little to each other, and that of the most conventional description; but an inward smile, that seldom ventured beyond the eyes, illuminated both of them. Meanwhile, Mrs. Lockhart certainly, and Mr. Grant apparently, were most comfortably unconscious of anything exceptional having taken place. The serene geniality of the weather was perfectly reflected in the sentiments of those who enjoyed it. When the air of the hill had made them remember that something was to be done at the inn, they betook themselves thither, and were shown into a western room, whose open window gave upon the famous prospect. Here a table was set out and dinner served by a profoundly respectable and unexceptionable waiter, who had the air of having spent his previous life in perfecting himself for this occasion. They had a couple of bottles of very delicate Lafitte; and always, before raising his glass to his lips, Philip lifted his eyes, and quaffed an instant's sweet intelligence from Marion's.

"How do you find the wine, Lancaster?" Mr. Grant asked.

"I wish I might never drink any other," was his reply.

"It is very good, but it goes to my head," remarked Mrs. Lockhart.

"It goes to my heart," said Philip.

"All the same, you may feel the worse for it to-morrow morning," said Marion, with one of her short laughs.

"A heartache instead of a headache," smiled Mr. Grant.

"Heartache would come only from being denied it," Philip rejoined.

"I must try and get you some of it to drink at home," said guileless Mrs. Lockhart.

"Tis Lafitte—you may get it anywhere," put in Marion. As she spoke she pushed back her chair from the table, adding, "Come, mamma, we have had enough; let us go out on the terrace." So she triumphed over Philip in having the last word.

The afternoon was mellowing toward evening by the time the unexceptionable waiter announced that the carriage and horses were waiting. As Philip helped Marion to her seat he said:

"After all, it is not so long a ride round the world, is it?"

She answered: "I don't know. We are not got home yet, remember."

Going down the hill, they halted at the spot whence they had first caught the view on ascending, to take a farewell look at it. A noise of hoofs following down the road above caused Philip to look around, and he saw approaching the same lady and gentleman whom he had caught a glimpse of in the park that morning. The blood flew to his face, and he set his teeth against his lips.

The lady, riding up, saluted him with her whip, exclaiming laughingly, "Philip Lancaster, after all! You naughty boy—then it *was* you I saw coming out of the grove, and you would not answer my greeting!"

"Indeed!" was all Philip found to reply.

She reined her horse and extended her hand to him. "Indeed! Yes. But you were always so! . . . well, I forgive you because of your poetry." Here she turned her eyes, which were very bright and beautiful, upon the occupants of the carriage. "Surely I have known this lady," she murmured. "Madame, are you not Mrs. Lockhart? Oh—then this—yes, this must be Marion!" She clapped her hands together with a sort of child-like gayety. "And you have all forgotten me! You have forgotten Perdita Bendibow!"

Hereupon ensued a sociable turmoil—giving of hands—presentation of Mr. Grant—and of Perdita's cavalier, who was no other than Mr. Tom Bendibow, the hero of the coach-upsetting exploit. But the chief turmoil was in Philip's mind. Everything passed before his eyes like a dream—and an extremely uncongenial one. Once or twice he glanced at Marion; but she was not looking his way—she was laughing and chatting with the Marquise and Tom Bendibow alternately; there was vivid color in her cheeks. Philip was also aware that the Marquise occasionally spoke to him, or at him, in very friendly and familiar terms. It was charming. And at last she said:

"There, I cannot stay—I am late; but you will come—mind! You have all promised. There will be no one but ourselves. Thursday—a week from this day—at six o'clock. Mr. Grant and all. You will not forget, Mr. Grant?"

"I shall not forget, madame," he said gravely and courteously.

"And you, *ma chère*," she continued, turning to Marion; and then playfully tapping Philip with her whip, "because then we shall be sure of him! Mrs. Lockhart, I have so much to talk to you of your dear husband . . . he saved my husband's life! . . . I must kiss you!" She forced her horse to the side of the carriage, and, bending low from the saddle, touched the old lady's cheek with her lovely lips. The next moment she was erect again. "Come, Tom!" she exclaimed, "we must gallop! Good-by, all of you!" and down the hill they rode at speed.

"How charming and beautiful she is!" said Mrs. Lockhart, smiling with tears in her eyes. "She has a warm heart. She has made the day quite perfect."

"Yes, she appeared at the right moment," assented Marion lightly.

In one sense, certainly, Perdita could be said to have been the consummation of the holiday; but, even in a party of four, the same event may have widely different meanings.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ALASKA LEGEND.



THE WRITER'S NARRATIVE.

[During the season of 1874 the author was cruising in Alaskan waters, and while in Oonalashka, he met a fur-trader who had a very wide personal knowledge of the Aleutian Islands. This hardy mariner, in return for a petty favor, offered to secure and give to the writer for the Smithsonian Institution, a lot of mummies of which he knew the hiding place. Certain parties had been hunting for these relics of Aleutian types unsuccessfully for many years, and he had enjoyed their discomfiture. The writer gladly encouraged the undertaking, and Captain Hennig, in the service of the Alaska Commercial Company of San Francisco, secured in a "fire-cave" on Kaygamil Island thirteen mummies, which have been used for scientific examination and comparison and placed on exhibition by the Smithsonian Institution. They are the first Aleutian mummies ever found in Alaska, and with the exception of a single one from Prince William Sound, also given to this Institution by the company above named, they are the only examples of their curious burial which have been given to us. These mummies are not embalmed as are those of Egypt, but are really desiccated, like the Peruvian specimens of the same class; the hot walls of the volcanic cave in which they were found accomplished this effective preservation.

The legend which accompanied the mummies and forms the basis of this sketch, declares that these bodies of Kaygamil are about one hundred and fifty years old, since they were placed in the cave on the northeast side of the island during 1724 or 1725. Kaygamilyak is the largest of the group—the "Cheetier Sopochnie," or the "Four Mountains,"

a small, but abruptly rising cluster of volcanic islets in the Aleutian chain; a number of grumbling, smoking peaks and hills still complain and labor here as they did when the mummy prince was long ago laid in their hot flanks.]

THE LEGEND.

A RUGGED archipelago, known to us as the Aleutian Islands, reaches away out into Behring Sea, almost to Asia, from its initial point on that volcanic Alaska peninsula, where it baffles and breaks the mighty billows of the great Pacific. Upon this forbidding isolation geographers and hydrographers always love to rest their eyes; and also, in their closets with maps unrolled, to indulge in endless speculation over its influence with and relation to the New World as compared with the Old. Few, indeed, of their number know ever so little of the wild weird scenery of this rocky upheaval, or of the simple inhabitants thereof. Both landscape and people are as sealed books to most of us and will doubtless remain so far into the future.

Before the fur-hunting Russians discovered these islands and overpowered the natives in their passionate, indomitable search for fine peltries, the Aleutes were a brave and numerous people. They possessed nothing in common with the nomadic Esquimaux to the northward, nor with the treacherous, indolent Koloshians to the eastward and south. They steadily refused to treat with these savage neighbors, and repelled with blows and bloodshed any attempt on their part to visit the Aleutian land. Each group of islets or island in the Archipelago was ruled



—The Prince of Kaygamil—

absolutely by its chosen Töyone or chief, who was invariably a man selected by acclamation on account of his personal prowess and skill.

Conspicuous among the Aleutian chiefs was Katháya Koochák, of Kaygamilyak, whose indomitable will coupled with matchless skill in the chase and home industry, made him feared and respected throughout the nation. The Töyone was a man very small in physical stature, spare in flesh, but yet possessed of great nervous strength and endurance. He was, moreover, so superior in understanding and address above all others of his countrymen that they gladly hailed him chief and rendered ready, prompt obedience, both in peace and in war. He had an only son, called Egadahgeek, or the Sleeping Seal, whom he fondly loved and whose youthful form was the constant thought and object of his mind. When the boy had passed his thirteenth year it became necessary that he should learn those arts of hunting and fishing which were so important to the worldly advantage and even existence of every Aleute. He must begin to make journeys out to sea alone, to plunge into rolling surf with his bidarka, to find his watery path through fogs both thick and thin, to throw his seal and bird spears with unerring aim and telling force, and to outwit the extraordinary cunning and wariness of the sea otter.

Fully realizing the imperative need of this experience and discipline for his young son, Katháya-Koochák made for the boy with his own skillful hands a bidarka, the skin cover of which was so beautifully stretched and sewed over its slender wooden and whalebone keel and frame as to call out the astonished praise of the best boat-makers in the village. The devoted parent then ornamented the little vessel with fantastic and superstitious paintings, executed with red ochre and green clays; and, into its tightly-sewed seams above, he deftly wove the tiny blue and white feathers of certain gayly-plumaged sea parrots. No less care was taken with the seal and bird spears and the rest of the young prince's outfit.

When all had been made ready, the unwilling father pushed the youthful hunter's boat out from land and consigned him, unaided and alone for the first time, to the perils of the sea and the ardor of the chase. Unable to watch his son as he paddled out from the

land, the old Chief withdrew to his banabora and was seen no more that day.

Egadahgeek, flushed with honest pride, and spurred by roseate hopes and ambition, swiftly propelled his tiny craft toward the famous kelp beds of Kugamil, where the hunters often found the otter as it slept upon the floating gardens of sea-weed. Thick fogs soon closed down, as usual, over the landmarks, and he had nothing to guide him on his course except the wind ripples on the water and the regular heaving of the southerly swell as it rolled from the great Pacific and dashed in futile fury upon the black iron-bound reefs and cliffs of the "Four Mountains." Swiftly and noiselessly Egadahgeek paddled his light bidarka, until he began to grow weary and his suspicions were aroused at not finding the rocks awash that he was in search of.

Doubt and distrust of himself finally arrested his hands, and he laid his paddle across the bidarka and peered eagerly into the gray darkness around him. Suddenly a whirring sound struck his ears, and simultaneously a heavy-headed bird arrow splashed into the water by his side. This was the greeting of an enemy, not a friend, and the young hunter seized his paddle and desperately urged his bidarka over the waves and away; another arrow followed the first and struck upon the wake of the flying boy with an angry thud that nerved him to fresher, wilder desperation, so that as he forced his paddle through the brine, it snapped short off and precipitated the youthful argonaut, who had put his whole weight upon it, into the dark cold waters beneath—the frail bidarka turned over on him, and he drew his last breath on earth as he sank.

A few moments after this misfortune the form of the pursuer emerged from the dark gloom of the gray fog. With a cry of anguish he seized upon the overturned bidarka of Egadahgeek, and as he righted it he drew out of the water the lifeless form of the unfortunate boy. Wild, piercing notes of sorrow were uttered by the wretched Aleute, who had caused the untimely death of the young Töyone, and who was none other than the unhappy boy's brother-in-law. Káhegan, who loved the Prince as a brother, had secretly followed Egadahgeek with the sole object of shadowing the boy's progress and of protecting and assisting him were he to

get into trouble. His idea of startling Egadahgeek and stirring him to flight was merely in the nature of a good-humored jest, and the dreadful sequel was not for a moment in his mind.

Káhegan held the lifeless body clasped in his arms while he implored forgiveness, and bedewed the cold face with scalding tears. Night was coming on, and the angry combing of the surf gave unerring warning of approaching storm. What should Káhegan do? He did not dare to face the grief and wrath of the Töyone, and he could not endure the thought of leaving the body of Egadahgeek to be food for marine monsters



The Night of Káhegan.



They find his body, attended by sea-birds.

and hobgoblins. His resolve was quickly formed, and with the corpse laid across the bidarka, he rapidly retraced his course until near to Kaygamil village. Here Káhegan tenderly deposited the body on a large mass of floating sea-weed, and arranged it with great care, so that it should remain there securely afloat. It could be easily discovered and give no clue to the cause of Egadahgeek's death. Then he turned the prow of his bidarka seaward and disappeared in the darkness, breathing as he went into exile a prayer of love and remembrance for his wife and unborn child.

Meanwhile Töyone Katháya Koochák, as night drew near, came out from his "casine" and anxiously looked for the return of his son; the whole village joined him; they scaled the highest rocky points over the settlement and lighted many lamps of seal oil and moss wicking to serve as guiding stars for the absent Egadahgeek.

Sleep did not close the eyes of the chief that night; he stood for hours fixed like a statue on the rocky shingle where the booming roar of the surf drowned his cries and words of encouragement; gesticulating and hoarse with continued shouting, the unhappy father summoned at the first dawn of light his best hunters and started out upon the sea in search for the missing son. The body was quickly found on its floating bier. The Töyone was nearly speechless and dumb with his grief and misery; he preceded the sad procession to his öolagamuh and ordered the funeral ceremonies to take place.

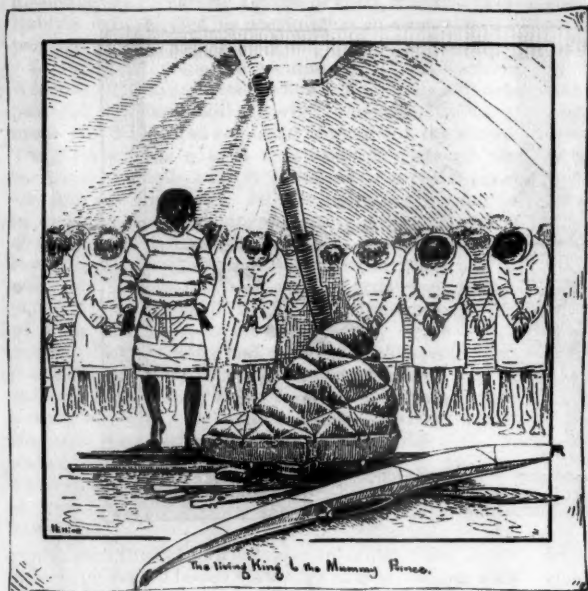
Under the constant supervision of the old chieftain the body of his son was eviscerated and tenderly filled with scented grass; it was placed in a sitting posture, with the arms folded around the knees; a priceless charm or amulet was taken by the King from his own neck and strung round that of the dead; then a baldric of beautifully-woven grass cloth that the skill and patience of many months had fashioned was placed over the features and head of the deceased; then the whole body was wrapped tightly up and over in another mat of coarser make, yet of intricate pattern, with tasteful feather ornamentation; then a fine bird-skin "parka," or coat, was put on, the neck and lower portion being tied up with the arms, so that the contents were inclosed in a complete envelope; then another exquisitely fine woven mat of grass fibres was laid upon the breast,

which was a marvelous specimen of beautiful weaving; then around these in turn were sewed the precious skins of richest sea otter and finest fur seal, and a funereal cradle was neatly made of whale baleen and driftwood timber deftly cut and bound together.

It had always been the habit of these simple people when death took the living from their ranks to bury the bodies in the earth and heap rude, rocky cairns upon the newly-made graves; but Katháya Koochák surprised his servants when he declared that the great fire cave of Kaygamil was to be the sepulchre of Egadahgeek. Word was swiftly carried to all the natives of the Four Mountains that the Töyone's son had perished, and that he was to be buried with honor and grief by the whole people; so, as the light of day dawned, they quickly gathered in from their little villages surrounding Kaygamil. When the shamans of the villages had completed their weird incantation and death dance, and when the grief-smitten parent gave signal, the mummy-bier was gently raised upon the shoulders of four stout Aleutes and carried slowly down to the beach, followed by the King, who stooped as he walked from utter prostration. His people, with uncovered heads and tearful eyes, filed after in a long procession, and filled the air with a solemn, sad chant, which set forth the virtues and the youth and the courage of the dead.

The big "bidarra," or boat made of sea-lion skins, received the body and the strong arms of the boatmen soon urged the vessel to its landing, where, under the beetling brow of a mighty bluff and flush with its mural face, was the entrance fissure to that cavern of sepulchre which was hot from volcanic heat and subterranean fires. With great difficulty the peril of meeting smoothly the heavy surf swells was safely overcome—such waves as fall on the rocks with the weight and fury of an avalanche and sound as booming cannon. The remains of Egadahgeek were deposited in this strange sarcophagus with a large selection of the choicest furs and the best implements of the chase, bedewed with the tears and accompanied by the chanted lamentations of his people.

The old chief, after he had returned to the village stood up on his öolagamuh, and solemnly directed his subjects to do to him when he should die exactly as he had done to his son, and to treat every member of his



household in the same way; so that when death had ended his kith and kin they should all be grimly gathered together in the dark recesses of the Kaygamil cavern. The Tóyone did not long survive his loss and grief; his orders were faithfully carried out by his obedient Aleutes, and in the lapse of a few decades the

last of the blood of Katháya Koochák was laid away in this manner; all of their wealth, their sea otter and fur-seal skins, their household goods, wooden dishes, arrows, spears and other weapons—all their earthly goods left behind them were deposited as were those of the Mummy Prince in the same cave with their remains.

Soon after, in 1758-60, the first white men who had ever appeared before the eyes of the people of Kaygamil landed from a Russian schooner, seeking and trading for sea-otter skins. They took shameful advantage of the unsuspecting natives, oppressed them, robbed them and sowed the seeds of disease and death among them, so that the Four Mountains rapidly diminished in population and eventually became uninhabited. But the mummies of Kaygamil and their costly wrappings were undisturbed until September, 1874. Now the wasted body of Prince Egadageek and the king, his father, rest in their singular ceremonies beside Peruvian Incas and those of Egyptian birth within the museum of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

What a strange blending of the Old World with the New, were the mummified remains of the children of Cheops to suddenly renew their life and step out and forward to clasp hands with a simultaneous resurrection of the Chief and Prince of Kaygamil! They might and doubtless would appear to us as much alike in life as they do in death, despite that vast geographical abyss which yawns between them.

HENRY W. ELLIOTT.



THE MUMMY'S MARCH TO ITS VOLCANIC SARCOPHAGUS.



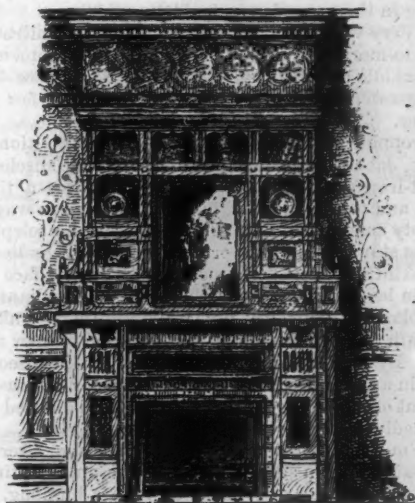
THE HOUSE THAT JILL BUILT.

NUMBER VII

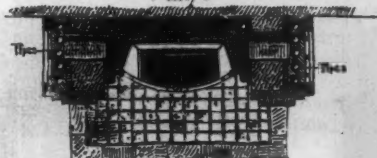
THE architect went home to translate the instructions he had received into the language that builders understand. Jack and Jill established themselves in the house that Jack built. The proposed amendments were indefinitely postponed, Jill having consented to take the house temporarily as she had taken Jack permanently—for better or worse—only claiming her reserved right, in the case of the house, of privately finding all the fault she pleased. Even the staircase, so favorable to a swift descent, remained unchanged, and in their own room the bed stood squarely in the middle of the floor. Jack averred that this was intended when the house was planned, because the air is so much better in the centre of a room, and there is not so much danger of being struck by lightning.

One day there came a cold, gloomy rain on the wings of a raw east wind, and after Jack had gone to his office it occurred to Jill that a fire on the hearth in the parlor, which they used as a common sitting-room, would be exceedingly comfortable, but on removing a highly ornamental screen that served as a "fireboard," she found neither grate nor fireplace, only a blank wall plastered and papered. Her righteous wrath was kindled, not because she was compelled to get warm in some other way, but by the fraudulent character of the chimney piece. "I can imagine nothing more absurdly impertinent," she declared to Jack when he came home, "than that huge marble mantel standing stupidly against the wall where there isn't even a chimney for a background. As a piece of furniture it is superfluous; as a wall decoration it is hideous; as a shelf it is preposterous; as a fireplace it is a downright lie. If our architect suggests anything of the kind he will be dismissed on the instant."

"Don't you think the room would look rather bare without a mantel? You know it's the most common thing in the world to have them like this. I can show you a hundred without going out of town."



Elevation &
Plan.



A DOUBLE TEAM.

"Common! It's worse than common; it is vulgar, it is atrocious, it is the sum of all villainies!" said Jill, her indignation rising with each succeeding epithet. "A fireplace is a sacred thing. To pretend to have one

when you have not is like pretending to be pious when you know you are wicked; it is stealing the livery of a warm, gracious, kindly hospitality to serve you in making a cold, heartless *pretense* of welcome."

"I didn't mean to do anything wrong," Jack protested with exceeding meekness. "Such mantels were all the fashion when this house was built, and fashions in marble can't be changed as easily as fashions in paper flowers."

"There ought not to be 'fashions' in marble, but of course it was fashion. Nothing else than the blindest of all blind guides could have led people into anything so hopelessly silly and unprincipled. I shall never enjoy this room again," she continued, "knowing as well I know that yonder stately piece of sculpture is a whited sepulchre, a delusion and a snare. I shall feel that I ought to unmask it the moment a visitor comes in, lest I should be asked to make a fire on the hearth and be obliged to confess the depravity in our own household."

"Now, really, my dear, don't you think you are coming it rather strong, if I may be allowed the expression? Isn't it possible that your present views may be slightly tinged by the color of the east wind, so to speak?"

"Not in the least. You know perfectly well, Jack, that insincerity is the bane of domestic and social life; that hypocrisy is a child of the Evil One, and that vain and false pretensions are the fatal lures that lead us on to destruction. How can we respect ourselves or expect our friends to respect us if the most conspicuous thing in the house is a palpable fraud?"

"Very well, dear, I'll bring up a can of nitro-glycerine to-morrow and blow the whole establishment into the middle of futurity. Meanwhile, let us see if anything can be done to make it endurable a few hours longer."

Dropping on his knees in front of the fictitious fireplace, Jack pulled the paper from the wall, disclosing a sheet-iron stove-pipe receiver set there for a time of need and communicating in some mysterious way with a sooty smoke flue. Having found this, he telephoned to the stove store for a portable grate; that is to say, a Franklin stove with ornamental tiles in the face of it, and in less than one hour the room was radiant with the blaze of a hickory fire, while a hitherto unknown warmth came to the lifeless marble from its new neighbor. By sitting directly in front of it Jill discovered that in appearance the general effect was nearly as good as that of a genuine fireplace, the warmth diffused being decidedly greater.

"I'm sorry I lost my temper," said she, after they had sat awhile in silence enjoying the ameliorating influence of the blaze, "but I do hate a humbug. We will let this stove stand here all summer to remind you

that neither your house nor your wife is perfect and to keep me warm when the east wind blows."

Jack's response to this magnanimous remark must be omitted, as it had no direct bearing upon house-building.

"When I went into the kitchen this morning to get warm," Jill observed later in the evening, "I found Bridget ironing; the stove was red-hot, the bath boiler was bubbling and shaking with the imprisoned steam, and the outside door was wide open. It struck me that there was heat enough going out of doors, not to mention the superheated air of the kitchen itself, to have made the whole house comfortable such days as this, if it could only be saved. Don't you think it would be possible to attach a pipe to some part of the cooking-range that would carry steam or hot water to the front of the house. We shouldn't want it when the furnace was running, nor in very warm weather, and at such times it could be turned off."

Jack thought it could be done and expressed a willingness to be a roasted martyr occasionally if he could by that means make some use of the perennial fire in the kitchen, a fire that seemed to be the hottest when there was no demand for it. "It's my conviction," said he, "that if the heat actually evolved from the fuel consumed by the average cook could be conserved on strictly scientific principles, it would warm the house comfortably the year round without any damage to the cooking and with a saving of all the bother of stoves, fireplaces and furnaces. And his conviction was well founded, provided the house is not too large and the weather is not too cold. "Shall we try it in the new house?"

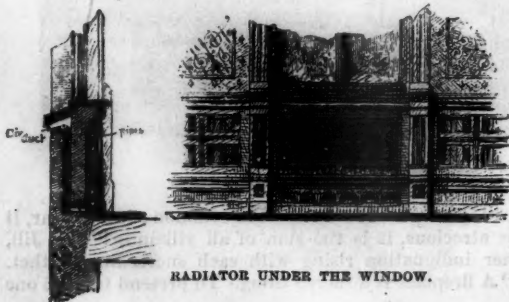
"No, not unless somebody invents a new patent low-pressure, automatic-cooking-range-ironing-attachment before we are ready for it. We shall have fireplaces in every room—real ones—and steam radiators beside."

"What! in every room, those ugly, black, bronzy, oily, noisy, leaking, sizzling, snapping steam radiators that are always in the way and keep the air in the room so dry that everybody has catarrh, the doors won't latch, and the furniture falls to pieces? You know how the old heirloom mahogany chair collapsed under Madam Abigail at Mrs. Hunter's party—went to pieces in a twinkling like the one-horse shay—and all on account of the steam heat."

"Yes, I remember, it was a comical tragedy, and before we run any such risks let us look over our advisory letters. Here's one from Uncle Harry, who, as you know, is never without a hobby of some sort. Just at present he is devoted to sanitary questions. To be well warmed, ventilated and plumbed is the chief end of man. He begins by saying that 'sun's heat is the only external warmth that is natural or beneficial to human beings. When men have risen above the dark clouds of sin and ignorance they will discover how to preserve the extra warmth of the torrid zone and of the hot summers in our own latitudes to be evenly diffused through colder climes and seasons. Next to sun's heat is that which comes from visible combustion—the burning of wood and coal. Such spontaneous, radiant, living warmth differs essentially from that which we receive



STEAM PIPES AT THE SIDE OF THE FIRE-PLACE.



by contact with artificially-warmed substances, somewhat as fruit that has been long gathered differs from that taken directly from the vine."

"Isn't this getting sort of misty, what you might call 'transcendental like'?"

"Possibly, and this is still more so: 'Warmth is the vital atmosphere of life, and a living flame imparts to us some of nature's own mysterious vitality. Hence, the sun's rays and the blaze of burning fuel give not only a material but a spiritual comfort and cheer, which mere warm air is powerless to impart. Here is another reason why direct radiation, even from a black iron pipe, is preferable to a current of warm air brought from a distance: in a room warmed by such a current nothing is ever quite so warm as the air itself unless so situated as to obstruct its flow, but every solid substance near a hot stove or radiator absorbs the radiated heat and is satisfied, while the air for respiration remains at a comparatively low temperature.'"

"There may be a little sense in that," said Jack, "but the rest is several fathoms too deep for me. Has he any practical advice to give?"

"That depends upon what you call 'practical.' 'I have little patience,' he says, 'with the common objection to direct radiation, that it brings no fresh air. Fresh air can be had for the asking under a small stove or radiator standing in a room as well as under a large stove or boiler standing in the cellar; neither does the dampness or dryness of the atmosphere depend primarily upon the mode of warming it, while as for the appearance of steam pipes, if they are not beautiful as usually seen, it only proves that art is not wisely applied to iron work, and that architects have not learned the essential lesson that whatever gives added comfort to a house will, if rightly treated, enhance its beauty. Steam-pipes or radiators may stand under windows, behind an open screen or grill of polished brass, or they may be incorporated with the chimney piece, and need not in either case be unsightly or liable to work mischief upon the carpets or ceilings under them. Wherever placed, a flue to bring in fresh air should be provided and fitted with a damper to control the currents.'"

"I like the notion of putting them beside the fireplace," said Jack. "When they are both running it would be like hitching a pair of horses before an ox-team or a steam engine attachment to an overshot water-wheel. It means business. Uncle Harry improves. What next?"

"He expounds his theories of light and shade, of plumbing, sewer gas and malaria, and casually remarks that 'the variation of the north magnetic pole and the points of compass are not yet fully understood in their relation to human welfare.'"

"I should hope not! He must be writing under the influence of a full moon. Let us try a fresh correspondent."

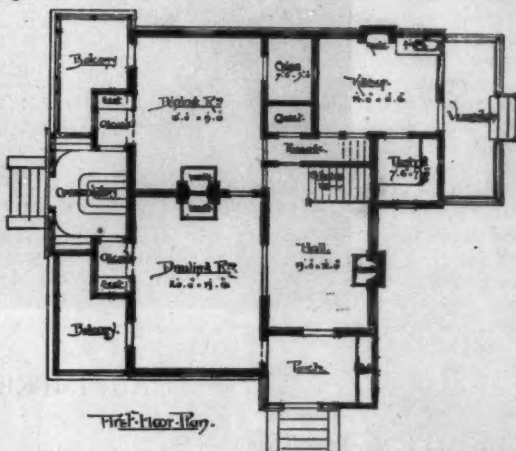
"Very well. Here is Aunt Melville's latest with a new set of plans. There will be neither transcendentalism nor vain repetitions here:

"MY DEAR NIECE: Since writing you last I have had a most interesting experience, and hasten to give you the benefit of it. You remember Mr. Melville's niece mar-

ried a young attorney in Tumbledonville, very talented and of good family, but poor, *desperately* poor. He hadn't over two or three thousand dollars in the world, but he has built a marvelous little house, of which I send you the plans. You enter a lovely hall, positively larger than mine, an actual room in fact, with a staircase running up at one side and a charming fireplace at the right, built, if you will believe it, of common red bricks that cost only five dollars a thousand. It couldn't have taken over two hundred and fifty to build it.—

"Just think of that! A charming fireplace for a dollar and a quarter!"—

"Communicating with the hall by a wide door beautifully draped with some astonishingly cheap material is the parlor, fully equal in every respect to my library, and adjoining that the dining-room, nearly as large. On the same side is a green-house between two bay windows, the whole arrangement having a wonderful air of gentility and culture. I am convinced that you ought to invest three-fourths of your father's wedding present in some safe business, and with the remainder build a house like this, buying a small lot for it, and defer the larger house for a few years. Keeping house alone with Jack and perhaps one maid-of-all-work will be perfectly respectable and dignified; the experience will do you good, and I have no doubt you will enjoy it. It will not only be a great economy in a pecuniary way, but society is very exacting, and a large house entails heavy social burdens which you will escape while living in a cottage. This will give you plenty of time to improve your taste in art, which is indispensable at present. There will be great economy, too, in the matter of furniture. A large house *must* be furnished according to prevailing fashions, but in a small one you may indulge any unconventional, artistic fancy you please."



AUNT MELVILLE'S LATEST.

"If Aunt Melville's advice and plans could be applied where they are needed they would be extremely valuable. Suppose we found a society and present them to it for gratuitous distribution."

"We can't spare them yet; we shall not use them, but it is well to hear all sides of a question."

E. C. GARDNER.

MANY people wonder for what reason the painter Turner chose, in the last years of his life, to assume the name of Booth. He found in his walks one day a riverside house that pleased him, and asked for apartments immediately. "What are your references?" asked the land-

lady. "A year's rent in advance," he replied. "What name, sir?" "Pray, what is your name?" "Mrs. Booth, sir." "Then I am Mr. Booth," and under this name the eccentric painter lived and died.



"A WINTER EVENING."—FAC-SIMILE OF DRAWING BY J. A. M. WHISTLER.

AN IMPRESSIONIST.

POSSIBLY if Mr. Ruskin had been less impetuous and intense the work of the extremely cool and imperturbed young man who listened without change of countenance to the Philistine comments on his "nocturnes in blue and gold" and "symphonies in white" would have remained in the partial obscurity which till three years ago had been its portion. He had his following, it is true, and even painters, always the severest and most merciless critics of another painter's work, admitted that there was "a beautiful tone of color," though one hastened to add that "neither in composition, detail nor form had the picture any quality whatever."

A serious charge, and quite in the line of Mr. Ruskin's criticism; and yet on the same principle that the armless and legless veteran while undoubtedly open to the accusation of being sadly deficient in "composition,

detail and form," is still a man and with a man's story to tell, so these pictures, criticise them as one may, demand attention and in the end gain it. An impressionist picture has been defined as "a paint box struck by lightning," and Mr. Ruskin in his vehement charge accused Mr. Whistler of simply slinging a paint pot in the public face. One must admit that the artist uses colors as Browning uses words, lavishly and luxuriantly, and to the often intense bewilderment of the man or woman who seeks to discover the meaning. But the meaning takes hold at last in a fashion not to be forgotten, and often in the midst of involved and cumbersome or uncertain lines comes a measure of immortal music and immortal power.

All impressionists have an impatience of detail, but it would be unfair to class their work as one guiltless of

detail, since the power to produce a strong impression is the result of knowledge gained in long and patient work. That Mr. Whistler finishes one of his "nocturnes" in two days need not be used as an argument against it any more than the fact that he has ceased to "make a palette," in the ordinary sense, and simply covers his table with daubs of paint, from which he takes at will, using amazingly large brushes, with which he dashes at his canvas in a manner evidently exhilarating to himself and extremely confounding to the beholder. But the result, if occasionally mysterious, is as a whole strong, true and most surely original. His method of sketching, severely criticised, is equally peculiar. The sketches in Venice, here reproduced, are drawn on dark brown paper; a few scratchy lines to indicate forms, and then a luminous touch of pastel color in sky and water to give the glow of sunset in "A Winter Evening." In the figures in "On the Steps" there is a little red here, a bit of blue or green there, mere hints of the distribution of colors to help the memory of a fine effect that struck him. They are all the merest suggestions, intended only for his own portfolio, but they were so greatly admired by friends for their suggestiveness that he included them in his exhibition and sale, and many of them brought \$100 apiece. Other artists have adopted this method of sketching, and the great discussion it has occasioned makes them of interest apart from their intrinsic value.

One result of the controversy between Mr. Whistler and Mr. Ruskin seems a fresh demonstration that

lay criticism, which must necessarily be somewhat a matter of intuition, is of more actual value in determining the status of an artist than any that his brethren are likely to give. The various painters that were called as witnesses gave full details as to his method of expression, but not one word as to the real character and value of his art. Mr. Whistler himself decries lay criticism and culture in general, and like Carlyle sends out a mighty shout: "Let work be received in silence!" But, like Carlyle, he would probably object very strenuously were his theory acted upon. The greatest art critics the world has known have been men of broad culture, catholic taste, deep insight, but not artists. From Lessing and Wincklemann down to Taine and Pater this holds good, and the acrimony and bitterness too often filling Mr. Ruskin's work seems to result from the fact that he is technically something of an artist, and thus has technical prejudices to overcome. Otherwise he would find in some of Mr. Whistler's work many of the qualities he declares essential to true art.

Take for instance "The White Girl," one of the loveliest figure compositions the period has known. Absolute simplicity and delicacy in line and hue; perfect grace of attitude; perfect harmony in the effect of the cloud of "dark hair and the lily, the white drapery and the soft fur on which she stands." But there is character and sentiment as well as loveliness. It might be an idealized portrait. There is not one suggestion of the subtle, half-sensuous charm in Burne Jones's women. It is the soul and spirit of girlhood, and in this as in his portrait



"ON THE STEPS."—FAC-SIMILE OF DRAWING BY J. A. M. WHISTLER.

of his mother, the work is not only fine but strong and high. He is always pictorial whatever else he may be, and whether in sketch or study, or etching, beauty and the essential character and spirit of the thing portrayed are always there.

With absolute genius and as absolute energy one looks for some greater work than anything yet achieved. Picturesque, charming, imperious, there is power enough, grace enough to insure a great picture, and one questions if Mr. Whistler will always be satisfied with his wonderful mastery of color, and never aspire to some enduring use of it. At present he rides a hobby, and it may be necessary that it be ridden with some fierceness,

else how shall one escape the ever-encroaching school with its exaltation of detail. "Never depiction; always suggestion," is the Whistler motto, and his present danger lies in the fact that he may come to believe mere peculiarities the marks of genius, and in his haste to escape from the commonplace, suddenly find himself launched in space, peopled it is true with fair fancies but with no tangible, understandable means of perpetuating them, or even impressing them in faintest degree on the minds of the many who but half accept the new theory. Without this he must remain in the cloudland of mere possibility, at present his abiding place.

HESPERA.

CHAPTER II—SUNRISE.

It seemed to Richard that he had scarcely closed his eyes when Neal called him. They stole noiselessly from their tent, saddled their horses and were off up the mountain, stopping only to tell the guard that they should not be back for a couple of hours or more. It was already dawn when they started and they were obliged to pick their way carefully, so it was full daylight when they reached the rock-guarded home. They tied their horses, and receiving no answer to his calls Richard descended the narrow stairway, closely followed by Neal, who could no longer remain skeptical.

Both looked anxiously about the little garden, seeing no one, and Richard called again. The rocks caught up the cry and threw it back to him. Other answer there was none.

"Perhaps she is still sleeping," said Neal; "let us wait a little."

They walked down to the tomb. Richard rolled away the stones he had placed to guard it, and showed his friend the peaceful countenance of the old man. Then they came back toward the house and sat down to wait for the maiden's appearance. Half an hour passed and she did not come.

"I cannot stand this, Neal," cried Richard impetuously; "I must know that she is inside. I will call once more, and if she does not answer I shall find her."

Again he shouted, loud and clear, and again echo alone replied to him. Dreading he scarcely knew what he entered the little house cap in hand, and passed through the outer room. Upon the threshold of the next he stopped. There upon a low couch lay the maiden sleeping quietly. She had changed her simple garment of coarse linen for a silken robe, whose long pale blue folds swept the floor; her soft brown curls fell in a shining mass upon the pillow; one small brown hand, roughened but shapely, hung by her side, the other clasped to her breast a little scarlet book which lay open.

Richard turned to leave the room, but a strong impulse drew him toward her. He took a step nearer, then sprang quickly to her side, uttering a low exclamation of horror.

Neal, pacing up and down the shady garden, heard his name called in a low, strange tone, and rushed in to see Richard, pale and excited, standing in the second doorway and pointing toward the couch.

"Can I be mistaken, Neal? Is she really dead or only sleeping?"

Silently Neal stepped forward and bent over her. His own face had lost its ruddy color as he lifted it.

"It is the long sleep, Dick," he said gravely.

"And but a few hours ago she was the picture of blooming health," exclaimed Richard. "There is some horrible mystery about this, Neal."

"Perhaps you will find some explanation there," remarked the young surgeon, pointing to the open book. "It could hardly have been placed so without design."

Richard stooped and read a few words traced hurriedly upon the page:

"I want to go with you to your mamma. Something makes it hard to drink the powder papa said would bring me right to Heaven with him and mamma. I would like to go beyond the mountains with you first. But I must obey him. Will you not come soon? I shall watch for you in Heaven. HESPERA FAIRFAX."

"That old man was crazy, Neal, else he could never have done so terrible a thing," said Richard, shuddering, as he gently loosed the book from beneath the cold little hand and handed it to his friend. "I understand now his strange message bidding her come to-night or be forever parted from them. He said, too, she had never disobeyed him. But how could I dream that he meant *this*? I understand, too, the peculiar wistful look the poor child gave me when I repeated his last words, and again when she left me. No wonder it was 'hard' to do such a bidding. I ought never to have left her, dear, faithful little heart. I felt it all the time, and I can never forgive myself, Neal, never!"

"Regrets are unavailing, Dick," Neal said, affectionately placing his arm about Richard's shoulder, "and, perhaps, she is better off now than we could have made her with our best endeavors. At least, she is free from all earthly pain and sorrow. Let us hope that she is happy with her loved ones."

"That thought does not make the manner of her death less horrible to me. She was so lovely; so like a beautiful child in her simplicity and trustfulness. I can hardly believe but that she will open her eyes and speak to me."

"Never again on earth, my boy," Neal replied, looking down on the pale, fair face, which was marvelously sweet in its marble purity.

Then his glance fell upon a small table, which had been drawn to the side of the couch. Besides the cup, from which she had taken the fatal draught, there was a small ebony box. A slip of paper lay upon it, on which the following words were written in a small, round hand:

"Everything is for you. The book is mamma's journal."

Richard opened the box and found it to contain money to the amount of two hundred dollars, some old letters, two diamond rings of considerable value, a tress of long, dark hair wrapped in a fine lace handkerchief, several pieces of jewelry, some silver spoons marked with a crest, and in the bottom the marriage certificate of Reuben Fairfax and Ruth Hamilton. It was dated at Glen Dell, England. Upon the margin, in a delicate running handwriting, was a record of the birth of "our darling daughter, our bright star of hope, our little Hespera Hamilton Fairfax."

With reverent hands Richard replaced the various articles. Taking up the book, he asked softly:

"Shall we read this now, Neal?"

"Perhaps we had better, Dick. It may throw some light upon all that now seems so mysterious."

So there, in the early morning light, by the side of the beautiful dead daughter, the two friends read her mother's journal.

GLEN DELL, England, *May 12, 18—*.

This morning, just before Reuben and I went to our village church to be married, my mother brought me this pretty little book, and bade me record on its fair, unsullied pages the joys and sorrows which the future might bring.

"From its sunshine you can gather strength; from its clouds learn wisdom," she said, as she placed it in my hands and kissed me.

So now, on this my wedding day, the first entry shall be made—pure, golden sunshine. It seems so strange to think that in a few hours I am going to my own home, where I shall be the mistress. Sometimes I shrink with fear from my new duties and responsibilities, I am so young and know so little outside of my own dear home, where I have been so happy. But mamma has taught me many things, and has promised to come and help me learn more, and then my dear sister Agnes will be with me a great deal.

I am glad, on the whole, that Reuben is not the oldest son, not Sir Reuben Fairfax, owner of Fairfax Hall and its wide acres, for then he would have much to call him away from me, and I, poor little I, would have to do the honors of the county, and I never could be so stately and self-possessed as the Lady Blanche. It suits my taste so much better to be plain Mrs. Fairfax—how strange that sounds!—and to live with Reuben in our pretty little cottage home. I hope we shall—Mamma calls. It is time to take the train.

June 30.

We have been at home a month now, and I have not found time to write in my pretty scarlet journal. I am so happy that the hours fly by on golden wings, and if I were able to settle myself down to writing, it would be the same glad, sweet story of joyous days. I think there never could have been a nobler-hearted, better husband than mine. He walks like a king among men. No one can compare with him. I often wonder how he ever loved me, for I am a silly little thing. Once I asked him, and he said, drawing me to his heart, "I thought I might need a loving little comforter some day."

It seemed to me a strange reason, and though he said it laughingly I wished he had answered differently.

To-morrow Agnes is coming to make us a little visit and attend with us the ball over at Sir Albert Fairfax's. Lady Blanche—some way I can never think of her as "sister"—has a beautiful new dress from Paris. She showed it to me yesterday. It is of amber satin and white lace. It will be very becoming to her dark beauty, and she will look more like a queen than ever. Agnes will wear pink brocade and I my wedding dress of white silk.

September 3.

It seems only last night we were at the ball. It was like a dream of fairy-land. Agnes was lovely—I think by far the loveliest girl there—and Lord Everly thought so too. They have been together constantly this summer, and I am sure there will be another wedding before long. Agnes will be a far more beautiful and charming "lady" than Blanche with all her stately grace. Everybody will love her as well as admire her, and how proud I shall be, and am, of my darling sister! Lord Everly is a fine fellow and immensely wealthy, but he seems to me quite insignificant beside my Reuben.

I am going to preserve grapes to-day. I already feel like quite a settled housekeeper, and do not mind at all, any more, when Reuben laughs at my keys and books and

floury fingers. It is so sweet to keep our dear home fresh and dainty, and to feel that it is our own, where we can be as happy, as wise or as foolish as we please and no one the wiser.

OUR MOUNTAIN HOME, California, *May.*

It is fifteen years to-day since Reuben and I were married. How long, long, long ago seems that sunny morning when I in my girlish innocence and freshness promised to "love, honor and obey" the tall, dark-haired man, twelve years my senior, upon whose strong arm I leaned so trustingly! How bright life seemed that day! how it stretched out before me in a path of unbroken sunshine; how soon, alas! alas! how terribly soon it was shrouded in midnight gloom! How brief the time ere my tender feet were led over rough and thorny ways, ere my laughing eyes were blinded with bitter tears!

One thing only has remained firm and unchanged in the sudden tempest which shook our little home to its foundation and sent us aliens across the world; one thing only has withstood the shock and strain and agony of these long years—our love for each other. That, thank God, has never faltered nor grown cold!

To-day we can renew our marriage vows with more untold tenderness and sacredness than on the day when first we pledged our faith. We have suffered together and for each other, and then we have Hespera.

It is for her sake that I am going to lift the veil from the dark past and write here a faithful record of our married life. It is not a pleasant task, but, sooner or later, she will hear the sad story, and I wish that she may learn the truth from one who can best tell it.

Less than six months of our happy life at Ivy Cottage had passed when my husband came home late one afternoon with a horror-stricken face. I can never forget the icy terror which froze my heart as he said hoarsely, standing before me with folded arms:

"Ruth, I have killed Albert!"

I did not answer him a word. I only looked at him blankly, hearing but scarcely comprehending.

"Do you hear, Ruth?" he repeated in a strange voice, "I have killed Albert. He lies dead in the lane."

My head swam and everything grew dim. By a great effort I arose and laid aside the pretty lace cravat I had been making.

"Come, lie down, Reuben," I said, gently taking his hand in mine. "I will bring you something to make you feel better. You are tired now."

He obeyed me silently, and as I threw a shawl over him and prepared a refreshing drink, I breathed an agonized prayer for strength. I thought him suddenly gone insane, for I never dreamed that his dreadful words were true.

A loud knocking at the front door startled me. Reuben sprang up and seized me in his arms.

"Say that you forgive me, darling, before they take me. Look in my eyes and say that you know that I did not kill him purposely. Quick, Ruth, my wife!"

I looked up, smiling, and passed my hands gently over his haggard face.

"I know you are innocent, dear Reuben. I shall never doubt you, come what may."

"God bless you for those words. Let them do their worst with me now."

He stood erect and quiet before the half-dozen men who had entered the little parlor. Terrified more by Reuben's strange manner and looks than by their unexpected appearance, I stepped forward and spoke to them as calmly as I could.

"Mr. Fairfax is ill this evening, gentlemen. He has but just come in, and I beg that you will excuse him and put off your business until to-morrow. He is really unfit for anything of the kind now."

I saw them exchange peculiar glances and overheard one say in a low tone:

"Poor girl; she don't know!"

Reuben caught the words, too, and spoke for the first time.

"My wife does know. I should not have left"—and as he stopped suddenly, I saw him tremble—"I should have given myself up to you there, but I wanted her to hear it from my lips alone. I am ready now."

He held out his hands. I saw the flash of metal; heard a sharp click, and my husband stood before me a handcuffed prisoner, accused of the cold-blooded murder of his only brother. He had told me the truth. I knew now that he was not insane; and oh! the agony of that cruel night! They took him from me, and I could only count the minutes as they dragged slowly by until daylight, when I could get permission to go to him and hear the truth of the matter. How glad I was that I had answered him as I did, when I thought only to humor his wandering fancy! But the words were none the less true when I found that he had been in earnest. His hand might have done the deed, but I knew that his heart was innocent of the crime.

I cannot even now bear to write or think of the weary days we spent in prison. For I begged so hard that at last they consented that I should stay with him. It was several weeks before his trial, and we tried to wait patiently. The principal witness was the miller, who happened to be passing on the other side of the hedge and heard the loud words which passed between the two brothers. Reuben had been shooting, and in stepping quickly to one side in the excitement of their conversation, hit his gun against a tree. To his surprise and horror it went off and Albert fell lifeless to the ground. The miller did not see this; he only heard the report of the gun and Reuben's cries. In his great fright he ran off to give the alarm and my husband came to me. The trial was not a long one. Reuben's high character and the warm fraternal affection which was known to have always existed between the two outweighed the few hot words which Reuben acknowledged to have passed between them. It was some trifling dispute, and Albert, always impetuous and quick, had aroused Reuben's slower but stronger temper to hasty words. But no one believed that he had thought of personal violence. He was fully acquitted, and came forth from his prison Sir Reuben Fairfax, for he was now the last of his name and family.

I think that nearly every one in the county, while they deplored Albert's sudden death and mourned him sincerely, was glad to see Reuben master of the Hall. He was and had been from a boy a favorite with all. His genial, pleasant manner and practical good sense won him more friends than Albert's more aristocratic tastes and haughtiness. Then Blanche had never been really liked. She had lowered her social standing in becoming Lady Fairfax, and found it hard to forget the fact. Indeed I used to think she did not care to, nor to gain the love of her neighbors. How I should wear her mantle I scarcely dared think, and it happened that no one ever knew.

We were still at the cottage, only a few days after the acquittal, and I had already begun packing for our removal to the Hall, when Reuben asked me suddenly one morning:

"Ruth, would it grieve you very much if we never went up on the hill to live?"

I knew in a moment what he meant, and a thrill of fear went over me. He had never been the same since that fateful night. My strong, brave, cheery husband had left me, and a sad-eyed, silent, hopeless man had come in his place. I was the one now who must be strong and helpful.

I had hoped, oh, so fondly, that when once the change had been made and he was busied with the duties of his new position that this horror and depression which so clung to him might pass away. But this question dealt a death-blow to all my dreams. My voice failed me as I tried to answer him. I could only throw my arms around

him and draw his dear head, thickly sprinkled with gray now, upon my breast as if to shield it there from every ill. He must have felt me trembling with my effort at self-control, for he said presently, laying his great, strong hand over mine:

"Do you care so much, little wife?"

"I care for nothing but your happiness, Reuben. Let us go where you will be most content."

"My loving little comforter!" he said softly, and I remembered then the strange presentiment with which I had heard the words before.

"Ruth, I cannot live up there! It would kill me to see the rooms, the drives, the streams, the hills, and think that but for me he might be among them now. It is killing me to breathe the air of this place!" he cried more excitedly, loosing my clasp and walking across the room. "I must get away from here, where every stone and leaf arouses torturing memories. Shall we go, little Ruth?" he added with a quick change to gentleness, stopping before me and raising my face until he could read my eyes. "Will you go with me across the waters, and there help me begin a new life? Is it asking too much of the dear girl whom I swore to cherish and deal kindly with?"

Of course I had but one answer to this. We made our preparations quickly and quietly. Fairfax Hall was given over to Blanche. The most of the property was hers by Albert's will, and now the entail was broken and the Hall forever lost to the family. Two old servants, life-long friends of Reuben's and his father's too, accompanied us to our new home. Faithful old Louis and his equally loyal wife Deborah, insisted upon sharing our self-imposed exile. We took many things from our pretty English home besides the well-filled purse which its sale brought us.

The parting from mamma and Agnes was bitter, for we all felt that we should never meet again on earth.

"It seems cruel to let you go, my daughter," mamma said, holding my hands in both of hers as we stood upon the dock. "But I would not keep you a moment. Your place is by your husband's side. He is a good man. Ever be faithful and patient and tender with him and God will bless you and make you far happier than your mother could."

How I loved her for those words, my dear, noble mother! We came to America and wandered from place to place. In vain Reuben tried to settle down. A spirit of unrest seemed to possess him. He grew moody and despondent. Sometimes I feared he would lose his mind or take his life during these spells of melancholy.

God only knows what a struggle I went through to seem cheerful and happy! But it was a necessity, for the slightest appearance of sadness on my part increased his gloom a hundredfold. At last we found ourselves in Southern California, in a beautiful, fertile region, which seemed to bid us welcome. Nearly all of our household treasures had disappeared by this time, but we managed to make a tiny home for ourselves and the two devoted creatures who had clung to us through everything. And here, amid the soft fragrance of countless orange blossoms, with grand old mountains to guard her cradle bed, our darling, bright-eyed Hespera first saw the light.

We had been so long childless that we never thought to have the blessing of a little one in our hearts and home; so our sweet daughter was doubly precious to us both. I shall always think that her coming saved her father's life. Dearly as he loved me he could not even for my sake throw off the terrible burden which bowed him beneath its weight. Added years but increased the gloom, the bitter regret, the ceaseless self-reproach. But from the hour of her birth he seemed to forget his long sorrow and think only of the future, which must be kept bright and fair for her.

"Let us call her Hespera, Ruth," he said one evening as he walked up and down the porch with her in his arms. The sun had set a few minutes before, and the evening star

was unusually large and brilliant. "She is the beautiful bright evening star of our lives, little wife, the crown and glory which has blessed our Western home."

I could not object, though in my heart I had already named her Agnes. She was from the first remarkably like my sister, and grew more and more to resemble her lovely, far-away auntie. But I should not have refused Reuben's wish had my own been twice as strong. Besides, his fancy pleased me; so she was named *Hespera* Hamilton Fairfax, and bids fair to be a worthy representative of the good old names she bears.

She is now nearly six years old and a fine, healthy child. I tremble sometimes to think what would become of her father if anything should happen to her. She is his very life. He looks like an old man now, though he is not yet fifty. His hair and beard are snow-white, and he leans heavily upon his staff. Louis is still hale and hearty, our main dependence.

December 18.

It is two years now since I wrote the above. I open my little book to-day to record the death of our faithful and beloved Deborah. There are so few of us that we feel keenly the loss of one. So long as the dear old nurse lived I could view with comparative calm my own failing health, but now it seems as if I must live. Reuben has not noticed how weak I am growing, for devoted Deborah bore upon her shoulders a double burden, and so we kept it from him. Now, I fear he will soon see how slight the tie which binds me to him, and how will he bear it? For so long he has leaned upon me in everything, it will be hard to stand alone.

Were it not for *Hespera* I should wish that he soon follow me, but I cannot bear the thought of leaving her with only Louis to guard her from the world. If I could but get her to Agnes my heart would be at rest.

January 19.

I have had a long talk with Louis to-day, which has relieved me greatly. He has promised me faithfully to take *Hespera* to Agnes upon her father's death, which we both think will soon follow mine. We arranged that my jewels should be sold to defray the expenses of the journey should there not be money enough remaining. I can trust Louis, and I shall now die happier. Agnes will be a good, tender mother to my darling. But while her father lives she must not be parted from him.

February 10.

My little daughter is a real treasure of comfort. She is so bright and thoughtful and womanly. I have been teaching her to write and she can already read and sew very nicely and do many little things for her father. She understands so well that everything must be kept bright and cheerful before him, and that she must take good care of him when I am gone, for I have told her that I shall leave her before many days—oh! my baby, my darling, how can I bear the parting!

The remainder of the journal was written in a stiff, childish hand, the large round letters being formed with evident care and difficulty:

"Before mamma went away to heaven she told me to write down in her pretty book things I wanted to remember. To-day, papa, Louis and I have come up on the mountain to live. It is the same mountain we could see from our home in the town. It is very rocky, but there is some grass and flowers. We are going to sleep in the hammocks now, but papa and Louis are going to make a rock house. They have a mule and are going to bring up the things from our other house. We came in the night. Papa said that everybody in the town was so wicked they would want to get me away from him, so he brought me to a safe place. I cannot see over the rocks, and he says I must never go away from here or sit where I cannot see him or Louis. Most all day he keeps hold of my hand. I wish mamma was here.

"It is June now, Louis says. There are many little flowers. Every day I pick a bunch and put under mamma's picture. Papa looks at it all the time and talks to it a great deal. Papa does not seem like my old papa without mamma. I wish he did. To-day he fixed a little white powder and showed me where he put it in mamma's little black box. He told me that some day he should go and see mamma. I could know when he had gone, for he would go to sleep and not wake up, and then, he said, I must put the powder in some water and drink it, and as soon as I went to sleep I would be with him and mamma. I would drink it to-day and go to mamma, but she said I must always stay with papa and do everything to make him happy. He said I must never tell Louis nor any one about the powder, and he looked so queer that I should have been afraid, only it was papa.

"There has been nothing to write for a long time. I only write when papa goes down the mountain, for mamma said I must not let him see the book, as it would make him feel bad to read all about the sad time. He talks all the time about mamma and the people in heaven. He says I am as large as mamma now, and look just like Aunt Agnes. Mamma told me about her. Louis said he would take me to see her some day, but papa was angry then and made me promise to come straight to Heaven when he went. But I should like to see Aunt Agnes. Mamma said she lived beyond the mountains and the water but under the same stars.

"There is only papa and me now. To-day Louis went to sleep in the garden. I called him many times but he did not wake up. So I told papa that I thought Louis had gone to see mamma. He almost fell down when he could not make him wake up. He put his arms around me and said, "We will go soon too, little *Hespera*. Ruth is calling us." Louis and papa had made places in the rocks when we first came up here. Papa put him in one of them and rolled stones up before it.

"I play a great deal on Louis' violin now. He played most all the time, and it seemed so still without it that I play the pieces he taught me and other music that comes in my fingers. It is pretty. Papa can hardly stand up now. I wish mamma was here. There is only me now. To-night a beautiful man brought papa home on his horse. He went to sleep on the mountain. Now I must drink the powder. I must obey papa, and I will be so happy to see mamma again; but I want to go first beyond the mountain and see the beautiful man's mamma. He said she would love me just as mine did, and I am sure he is not wicked. When I looked in his eyes something seemed to draw me to him, and his voice was like music. He is coming in the morning, but then I shall be in Heaven. Only he will have to put me in the rock with papa. I will wear mamma's pretty blue dress that papa used to kiss, then I shall look like the picture. It is dark now; I cannot see to write any more. I wish I could see him once more before I go."

So the simple record closed. Richard was not ashamed of the tears which dimmed his eyes as he gently replaced the book beneath the small brown hand.

"Sweet, innocent victim! Faithful daughter!" said Neal softly. "How inscrutable to our short-sighted vision seems the Providence which shadowed at each step the noble life of the English girl and allowed the sacrifice of her child. Saddest ending of the sad tragedy!"

Richard Craighill is a middle-aged man now. His hair is plentifully sprinkled with gray; sons and daughters have grown up around him, but he still treasures a single curl of golden brown, and cherishes tenderly the memory of the beautiful girl who sleeps among the shades of San Gabriel.

ELIZABETH OLMS.

THE BETTER SOLDIER.

GENERAL DOUBLEDAY's recent volume has revived the discussion of the comparative merits of the Northern and Southern volunteer soldiery.

No unprejudiced person can deny that in the war between the States the Confederate soldier was worth more, man for man, than the Federal volunteer. In proof of this need only be instanced the fact that the Army of Northern Virginia, though constantly overmatched in numbers and having an adversary lavishly supplied with material, though twice checked in its purposes was never defeated until the siege of Petersburg had depleted its ranks and the near approach of Sherman had increased the disproportion of numbers to a limit that left no hope of success. On the other hand this overmatched army had administered at least three crushing and overwhelming defeats upon its adversary.

It is not enough to say that the Confederacy had the advantage of being on the defensive; nor is it strictly true. The offensive-defensive is in its risks, advantages and disadvantages, little if any different from an offensive campaign. This is the strategy Lee adopted. He pressed the fighting. All his blows that were successful were delivered in the aggressive. He was twice checked, but in neither case did our Generals dare pursue the stricken enemy.

Neither can a difference in the capacities of the respective commanders account for it, though, as we shall see hereafter, the constitutional hesitancy of McClellan very greatly enhanced the real disadvantage under which the Federal forces acted. But after all this has been weighed, the fact still remains apparent that the Southern soldiery were, man for man, more effective in that conflict than the Northern volunteer.

Not a little of this greater effectiveness of the Southern soldier was no doubt due to the relation which existed between the rank and file and their immediate superiors. It was a mere extension of the relation under which they had grown up. The leaders in the field were only the leaders at home under a new name. The aristocracy of the South furnished from the outset a most admirable corps of line and staff officers. They were just near enough to their men to permit familiarity and receive respect and far enough from them to prevent insubordination. Coming from the same vicinage every man knew his officer. The commissioned upstart was far more rare in the Confederate army than in our own. Even where the officer was not personally known to his men, he represented a class whom they were accustomed to follow. His right to lead was as instinctive as their willingness to follow.

Another thing that made in favor of the Southern soldiers' effectiveness was the superiority of their discipline. No doubt many of our officers will demur to this proposition. It has been the fashion among both officers and men of the North to sneer at the discipline of the Confederate army. It is true that in non-essentials we very greatly excelled them. To the very last the drill of most of the Southern regiments was slack, dribbling and uneven. They neither marched, wheeled nor handled their arms with the smartness, precision and regularity which characterized our troops. In the sense in which our generals used the term they were

"new recruits" till the end of the war. There never was an hour that we could not beat them on dress parade and review even with half their numbers. In the essentials of discipline, however, they far excelled us. For neglect of duty their men were punished and punished speedily and severely. Strangely enough they did not (so far as the writer has learned) whip at all though the whipping-post stood in the shadow of every court house in the Confederacy, while our army was prepared for the battle of Bull Run by the degrading spectacle of the whipping of two deserters from their regular brigade.

So far as possible the Confederate officers allowed their men to take their own course, thereby preserving their individuality and securing all the more readily their obedience in matters of real importance. Besides that, the Southern soldier was not so important a political integer as his Northern compeer. If punishment was necessary, it was meted out to him without fear of future consequences to the officer. Of the officers this was not true. During the whole war there were very few if any instances in which a commissioned officer of the Confederate army was punished with any greater severity than by being cashiered or degraded to the ranks; while in our army, imprisonment, the ball and chain, shaving the head, drumming through the camp, and other nondescript punishments tended to degrade the rank of the subaltern who was only distinguished from his men by the commission which he held. In trivialities, the Southern soldier was generally a slouch with impunity; but when it came to a real neglect of duty, straggling, pillaging, cowardice and desertion, the terror of swift and terrible punishment was ever before his eyes. "What is that?" the writer once asked a Confederate prisoner as we looked down upon the camp of his division and saw a body of troops paraded and from the centre shoot up a puff of white smoke. "Wal," was the cool reply, "I reckon it's ole Bragg a-startin' a new graveyard; t'other must be nigh about full." Bragg was not a very successful general. He seemed to lack all power of adaptation to circumstances. But it was the army thus trained to obedience that, under Gen. Joe Johnston, made the wonderful backward movement from Resaca to Atlanta—a movement not equaled in brilliancy, completeness and difficulty by any other upon either side during the war, unless it be the death-grapple around Petersburg.

It is also true that the Southern soldier had no little advantage at the beginning in the fact that his home life had been much more primitive, nearer to that of the camp, than the Northern men of that generation had generally experienced. Corn bread, bacon, beaten biscuits and coffee had been the staples of his food. Nearly all of them too, at one time or another, had been accustomed to prepare this simple but nutritious fare. They had been accustomed to travel on foot or horseback over country and limit their needs to the capacity of the saddle-bags. They were therefore less inclined to overload themselves and better able to subsist on and prepare their rations. These facts did much to render possible that facility of movement on which their early successes so much depended.

The chief difference between the Northern and the Southern soldier has been almost overlooked by those who have written on the subject. The Southern soldier had absolute confidence, not only in his officer and leaders, but in himself and his fellow. The boast that one Southern man could whip five Yankees, though it did not prove itself a fact, was unquestionably equivalent to a duplication of the Southern army. The Southern soldier believed most devoutly in the martial superiority of the Southron and it gave him a confidence in the outcome of the struggle which greatly enhanced his prowess. The Southern leaders, to a man almost, were impressed with the same belief. The idea of Southern impetuosity, daring and recklessness, repeated year after year with a boastful exaggeration attending each repetition, had become a part of every Southern man's unconscious cerebration. The leaders believed that if they could press the fight and overpower the North at the outset, they would win. To do this they relied on the native daring and impetuosity of their men. Their first step, therefore, was to transform a professedly defensive into an offensive war. This was the very means of all others likely to make such troops effective. To require miracles of them was to presuppose marvelous power in them. The campaigns of Jackson were Napoleon in Italy over again. With new troops drawn from a people puffed up with military vanity and overflowing with confidence in themselves, he rushed from point to point, from one marvelous success to another, giving no time for consideration or apprehension on the part of his soldiery. By constant employment and repeated victories he transformed them into veterans before they had fairly learned the movements from line into column and their reversals. The Southern soldier, the Southern leader, the Southern subordinate, the Southern war policy and the antecedent Southern life, were all in exquisite harmony. The Confederacy lacked perfectness of detail—the machinery of organization and the machine soldier; but it had, what was of infinitely greater value, an absolute fitness and proportion of its different elements and an abiding confidence in its superiority over its adversary.

But this was only half the advantage derived from this belief. The Northern soldier and the Northern leaders believed it also. To the Northern mind the Southerner was a being especially delighting in blood and war. The superiority of the Southern volunteer forces was at the outset conceded directly or indirectly by all.

The North openly and professedly put its hope of success first of all in the regular army and after that in its preponderance in numbers, mechanical skill and material resources. The Northern leader as a rule looked with perfect contempt on the untrained volunteer. He dwelt forever on the fact that the Southern soldier was trained to arms and horsemanship from his boyhood. He assumed the aggressive at first simply because it was a political necessity. The first Bull Run campaign was made against the protest of the actual commander of our forces. The only hope our officers had of success lay in the fact that we had the "regulars" and thought we outnumbered the enemy very considerably.

As for the soldiery, the general feeling was that while they were physically a match, man for man, for their adversaries, the latter had previously led a sort of a semi-civilized life of which fighting had been a main element and that they would naturally have the advantage on their side at the outset. The soldiers, like the leaders of the Northern armies, relied on time, numbers, drill

and equipment to overcome the tacitly-admitted personal ascendancy of the Southern soldiers.

It is true there was an abundance of boasting. The press and the stump orators and sometimes the soldiers themselves ridiculed the claim of the Southern man to individual superiority as the clamor of the cowardly braggadocio. It was the whistling of the boy who passes the graveyard at night—the louder it grew the less sincerity there was in it. The congressmen and camp followers who went in the wake of our army to the first Bull Run put their confidence in the little band of regular troops and the greater effectiveness, as they deemed it, of our artillery.

As ample proof of this state of mind it is necessary only to recall the abject terror that was produced throughout all the land by what was known as the "Black Horse Cavalry"—a legion by no means formidable in numbers nor remarkable for actual feats of arms. During the first year of the Confederacy's existence, however, the bare name of this death's-head-and-bloody-bones corps was worth more to her cause than ten thousand of the best trained soldiery on earth could have been. The Southern soldier went into battle confident of his own prowess and despising his foe. The Northern soldier entered the conflict determined to do his best, not shrinking from his duty, but overestimating his adversary and underestimating himself.

This disparity of spirit—not of soldierly qualities—was greatly enhanced by the issue of the first general engagement and the accession of the over-cautious McClellan to the command, with his confidence in pipe-clay and dress parade and his overwhelming dread of General Lee and Southern impetuosity. The secret of Grant's success lay in the fact that he did not believe in these. He considered the Northern volunteer as fully a match for his Southern adversary and did not hesitate to attack whenever he believed himself to have the advantage in numbers or position. He appreciated the fact that the quickest way to make a recruit a veteran was to let him share the sweets of victory. To this, more than all other qualities, his success was due. Instead of opposing the enemy with "time and tactics," he threw his columns against them and taught his men their tactics under fire.

Had the North entered upon the conflict with that appreciation of its own fighting capacity, with that confidence in the soldierly qualities of its citizens which the war gave, the struggle would have been of short duration. On the other hand, if the Southern soldier had appreciated at the outset the qualities of the Northern volunteer as he did when the war ended, that self-confidence which was the chief element of his superiority would have vanished and the magnificent record he has made would never have been written.

These conditions can never be paralleled again. They do not inhere in the people of either section. They were purely temporary and fortuitous. The South had no real advantage in the familiarity of its people with firearms. It is doubtful even if as large a proportion of their armies as of our Northern regiments were accustomed to arms of precision. So too their horsemanship was a thing more fanciful than real, at least in its results. It was the confidence the Southern soldier had in himself and his leader, and the lack of confidence in himself and an overestimate of his adversary on the part of the Northern soldier that made the chief difference.

In a future war between the sections all these conditions would be reversed, and from the outset the advantage in confidence and spirit would be with the Northern

army. The magic of the old boast has been broken and the memory of defeat would weigh the Southern soldier down with apprehension of disaster just as it did the Northern volunteer at the outbreak of the civil war.

In the actual soldierly qualities of the people of the two sections there is probably but little difference. All the talk about the impetuosity, reckless daring and joy of battle which is said to characterize the South in contrast with the North is mere twaddle. The charge at Mission Ridge, when the army of Grant outran his orders and went to the summit instead of entrenching at the foot of the slope, was the great miracle of impetuosity of the whole war. On the other hand, the claim of greater staunchness—of stubborn bulldog grip—on the part of the North is equally nonsense. Petersburg is an eternal monument of the power of the South to stand punishment. The man who could boast of the superior staying power of the North with the

facts of that marvelous defense before him exceeds in assurance the traditional government mule. The truth would seem to be that in mere soldierly qualities the men of the two sections are very fairly balanced. Each has certain advantages which are counterbalanced by certain deficiencies. The South has a better general preparation for camp life while the North has more ingenuity and is better able to supply deficiencies of equipment and the like. The North has more intelligence but the South has more homogeneity. The Southern soldier can subsist on less and the Northern volunteer will more intelligently husband his resources and secure himself against disease. In short, we believe that the excellencies and defects of a suddenly recruited army drawn from each section for service against a common enemy are so evenly balanced that no unprejudiced observer could find ground on which to base an intelligent preference.

A UNION VETERAN.





By ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," "Figs and Thistles," "Bricks Without Straw," "John Eax," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

It was the fifth day of November, in the year of Grace, one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight. A man and a boy were husking corn in a hillside field overlooking the valley of the Mohawk, a valley once so celebrated for wealth and fertility that the early pioneers looked upon this favorite hunting-ground of the Iroquois as the *ne plus ultra* of a farmer's desires. To be of the Mohawk valley, even during the present century, was to occupy the most enviable of agricultural locations. Of varied soil, pleasantly undulated, richly wooded—the forest giving place to the most succulent herbage which grew under the settler's feet whenever his axe let in the sunlight—it is no wonder that the Dutchman cheated Skenandoah and the Yankee looked with covetous eyes from the rocky hill of New England upon its milk-and-honey flowing slopes. Principalities were carved out of its rich acreage. The landmarks of the Livingstones, the Schuylers, the Van Renssalaers, bounded realms worthy of a Palatine. Towns and cities grew up within them. Lesser farms filled in the uneven jointure of their borderings. To own even the outskirts of the valley was enough to make the possessor envied. The first Puritan owner of the tributary valley in which the field of which we have spoken was situated, had seized a precarious foothold between the duchies of two contending families and gleefully named his insecure possession Paradise Bay. There was no bay at all and the neighborhood was anything but paradisaical to the intruder. He was in the valley, however, and content, he and his descendants, thinking there was nothing more to be desired until the wonder-working To-day rushed by them, lifted the gateways of the West, and under the setting sun, revealed marvels which dwarfed with daily facts the wildest fancies of the Orient.

The time of which we write was near the waking from a long slumber. The canal which stretches from lake to river was still the main avenue of transit eastward and westward through the Empire State. Beyond that the steamer and the stage-coach held sway. The grosser products of the West consumed themselves before they reached the Eastern market. The cattle and swine

stretched away in endless droves across the States lying eastward of the Mississippi. The sustentation of these while on the way to the Eastern market enriched the farmers along the route more than those who reared and drove. Cheese sold at the ports of Lake Erie then at three cents a pound. That very year tens of thousands of fat sheep were slaughtered in Ohio for the hides and tallow—only the hams and tongues being saved for food. The West was open; was known to be full of possibilities. It teemed with food but yet was poor. The East was at its zenith. Every industry was quick. Labor was in abundance and yet in demand. Wages were low and so were supplies. There were few centres of population and still fewer unoccupied arable regions. Life and labor were evenly spread over the whole country. The whole land was a bursting hive—a magazine of possibility.

We were still a land of hand-workers. There was not a mower or harvester then in existence. No house contained a sewing-machine. The telegraph began at Washington and ended at New York twelve months before. The land was lighted with candles after nightfall. The spinning-wheel and shuttle sounded in every farmer's house. Butter was unmarketable a hundred miles from the dairy. The steam saw-mill had just begun to devour the forest. From East to West was the pilgrimage of a life; from North to South a voyage of discovery.

The migratory fever that New England breeds, made the valley the great highway of the seekers for the sunset. The Yankee overran the Dutchman and the great thoroughfare transformed him. Along the Mohawk ran the line of the homogeneous. It linked the East and the West. The Dutchman became first an innkeeper, then an immigrant, and then the Clutes and the Van Slaicks were lost in the great sea of American life that knows little of its origin and cares less. The great estates, the lordly landowners remained, but the towns and villages and the hillside farms were stamped with the impress of New England life. It was a sort of half-way house.

Beyond was the West and possibility; here was fruition. The rich were lavish in an abundance which was not yet coveted by the keen eye of commerce. The poor had enough, and in the comforts of life were almost on a par with the rich. The lord of a thousand acres sat with his harvesters at dinner. He who counted his possessions by the square mile kept open house for the wayfarer. The epoch of haste had not come. The sun rose quietly and set at leisure. A day's journey was a serious matter. The canvas-covered wagon was the ark of trade. The saddle was the emblem of speed. Men slept yet in their beds. The day began with the dawn and not with the train's arrival. The turnpike was still the great artery of trade. The highways were dusty and populous. There was time to live. Brown

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and brain went hand in hand. Every life touched nature. Like Anteus we felt the earth beneath our feet and were strong. We had vanquished Nature and sat by the Indus of Time weeping for other worlds to conquer.

It was not long to continue thus. Already the footsteps of the prince were at the portals of the silent palace. The age of miracles was about to dawn. Within a year the gold of California; within a decade the railroad, the telegraph, the mower, the thresher, the sewing-machine, petroleum, gas—ah! so many wonders that they that wrought before forgot their cunning and learned anew to guide rather than do, to stand by and direct the goblins whom science had evoked from earth and air and sea to do their bidding.

The man and the boy still wrought together in the field. The corn stood in serried shocks between the rows from which it had been cut. The outer, weather-beaten leaves flapped brokenly in the wind. Here and there a yellow ear peeped out. The close-bound top and the wide-spread base made an extempore rick that promised a sturdy defense of the treasures which it held even against winter storms. But the farmer had no idea of trusting his crop to this protection. To husk and house it properly was the greater part of his "fall work," as it was called. It was hardly past the period of the Indian summer yet, though the maples were almost bare; the birches showed their white arms on the hillside; the beeches had grown brown and the seared leaves were whirling in weird dances along the hillsides.

One of the shocks of maize ("stooks" they were called upon the Mohawk) had been thrown down and the band that confined the top loosened. Upon one side of this knelt the man; upon the other sat the boy. Each held in his right hand a sharp skewer of buckhorn which was fastened by a leather thong about his middle finger. With the left hand he drew toward him the dry rustling stalks, quickly seized the ear and thrusting the buckhorn "husking-pin" as it is called, through the dry shuck, stripped down the husk, first upon one side, then upon the other; and then breaking off the ear with a quick jerk threw it upon the golden pile which lay where the shock had stood. As the stalks collected each husker put them beneath his knees and so advanced toward each other through the rifled shock.

The man was in the prime of life, smooth-shaven as was the custom of the time, strong, heavy-browed, with a prominent sharply cut nose and a mouth whose mobile under lip and flexible corners showed a mental activity clearly indicated also by the rapidity and certainty of his physical movements. He was clad in a blue frock with overalls of the same material, and wore also a sort of leather garment like a smith's apron, except that it was cut open below and strapped about each leg. His black felt hat, straight-brimmed in front and slightly upturned behind, showed marks of use but still more evident marks of thrift and respectability.

The frock open at the throat revealed a bit of white linen and a black silk tie, somewhat out of keeping with the rough outer habiliments but thoroughly in harmony with the strong earnest face above. His hands were broad and strong but deft and supple. His eyes rested intently upon his work, but the movement of his lip and the quick humorous flash of his eye showed that his thought was busy elsewhere and that the quick play of his hands was half unconscious. It needed but a glance to tell that this man was of that class unmatched in any other land, the American Farmer—Gentleman and Laborer in one—Servant and King. This man, husking maize upon the hillside, might sway a senate or lead an

army as easily as he fought the battle of life with nature. He was a good type of that democracy which always surprises the world when the strain is put upon it. Unconscious of any rank above himself and compassionate of any that may be below, he seems born to self-reliance and success. Content to do what he finds to be done, respectful of himself and mindful of the rights of others, his real power is unknown even to himself until occasion places some new burden on his shoulders and then the world wonders that it has found an Ajax. He is the Cromwell who comes from the fens to grasp the "fool's bauble" from the hands of weaklings.

The boy was a type as well as the father. His dozen years might have been more or less, so far as one might judge from appearances. Small, weakened in look and feature, and of the sallow dullness of complexion so often found in the American farmer-boy, his countenance was redeemed from the commonplace by the keen blue eye and the full red lips which, even when puckered into a whistle, showed character and life. Instead of kneeling by the shock the boy had rolled one of the many big yellow pumpkins which were scattered over the field, to his side of the shock of corn, and sat upon it with his legs stretched out contentedly under the stalks. He worked neither with the energy displayed by his father—for the relation was manifest—nor with the listlessness of the hireling. Sometimes he husked ear for ear with his father; then he would sit and watch him dreamily or dawdle with some peculiarity of the ear his hands laid bare. More than once he amused himself by throwing bits of stone or nubbins of corn at a small dog, a long-haired mongrel with bright eyes, whose fleecy coat had become matted with cockle-burs and Spanish-needles until it was hard to say what might have been its original color. The dog had dug for moles in the cornfield, yelped after rabbits in the alders that grew along a little brook that intersected it, barked at gray squirrels in the wood above and now sat beside the heap of slender twelve-rowed ears of yellow flint (to which the father added an ear with every second almost with the regularity of a pendulum stroke), with his tongue out and his muddy nose pointed toward the house below, as if suggesting that his day's work was done and done to his own satisfaction.

It was getting toward nightfall. A wind had sprung up from the northwest. The sky grew dark and leaden. The boy began to shiver. The horses which had been quietly hitched to the wagon at some distance feeding out of the box, began to whinny and grow restless. All at once the man seemed to waken from his preoccupation. His hands lagged at their work as he glanced up at the sky and noted the signs of the weather with a quick, shrewd intelligence.

"Hello, Martin," said he, "what's this? Vow if it don't look as though 'twas going to snow. If it was two weeks later I should think we were going to have an old rouser from the nor'west. It's getting cold, too. Makes you shiver, does it?"—noticing the boy's quivering chin. "Well, I don't wonder. Let me see," he continued, drawing a large silver watch from beneath his jacket and consulting its face, "I wanted to finish this row of stooks, but it's now four o'clock, and tomorrow is 'lection day. We'll do this one, pick up the corn and quit work for to-day. Come on, let's have it done with in a hurry."

The boy who had listened with evident pleasure to this conclusion added a few ears to the pile with unusual alacrity and then began to scrutinize the sky himself.

"Father?"

"Yes?"

"What made you say you thought it would snow?"
 "Looks like it"—not raising his eyes nor intermitting his work.

The son was silent for a moment. Then he said hesitatingly:

"I don't see how you know."

"Why there," said the father stretching his arm toward the north, "off there in the northwest, where the wind comes from, don't you see that dull heavy bank of clouds?"

"Yes"—doubtfully. "Is that snow?"

"Well, it may be. If it hadn't been such a mild season or was a little later I should say it was. Besides if you look across the valley you can just see the steeple at Rockboro. In good weather you can see the whole town though it is most ten miles away. That is sure to mean a storm and a big one too."

There was silence for a moment, except the rustling of the cornstalks. Then the son:

"Father?"

"Yes?"

"If it storms very bad will they hold the 'lection just the same?"

"Just the same. It's one of the things that's never put off for the weather, my son, though I 'spect it makes some difference in the result. At least they always claim it does."

"What difference?"

"Well, fair weather may be better for one party and bad weather better for another."

"How many parties are there, father?"

"Three—Democrats and Whigs and Barnburners."

"What do they mean by 'Barnburners,' father?"

"That's the new party. Barnburners is a nickname that's given them. They call themselves the Liberty party and Free Soil party. Other folks call them Abolitionists, sometimes."

"You're a Whig, ain't you father?"

"Well, yes, I s'pose so;" (musingly,) "I've always voted that ticket an' s'pose I will agin'."

"Which party is it that's for General Taylor?"

"That's the Whig party."

"I hope they'll win, anyhow."

"You do?" glancing at him with an amused smile.

"Why?"

"'Coz he fit the Mexicans!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the father in hearty sonorous tones, which echoed over the valley with singular clearness owing to proximity of the coming storm. The boy's face flushed.

"What makes you laugh? Ain't that a good reason?"

"Good or bad," said the father, still laughing, "it's the only one anybody has yet been able to give. So I s'pose it will have to do."

They finished the shock as he spoke, and as he rose he showed himself a man of powerful frame. He glanced at the clouds again and said:

"Get the baskets, Martie, while I bind up these stalks and we will be out of this in a jiffy."

The boy ran for the baskets—great bushel measures—and came back warmed by the exercise. The corn was piled in one, shaken down and heaped up, and the father, perching it lightly upon his shoulder, carried it to the wagon, a few rods away, while the son filled the other. The afternoon's husking was soon loaded, and they drove away to the house and in upon the threshing floor of the great red barn that flanked the house upon the hillside below. As they were unharnessing the horses the boy asked, in a tone that showed his doubt as to a favorable answer:

"Father, may I go to the 'lection to-morrow?"

"Go to 'lection? Well, I don't know," said the father, thoughtfully, as he rubbed the horse he had unharnessed with a handful of straw. "What do you want to go for?"

"Just to see how it's done, sir."

"How what is done?" asked the father, looking at him thoughtfully.

"How a President's made, I s'pose."

"How a President's made, eh?" with a twinkle in his deep gray eyes. "That's not so bad, Martin. That's about all the makin' they get. Yes, you may go and see how a President's made and who makes him, and all about it that you can learn by looking on and listening. But remember, my son, that you must not ask questions nor get in the way, nor be any trouble to any one. I shall most likely be busy countin' the votes, and you must come home in good time to do the chores."

"I will, sir," was the glad reply.

Martin Kortright dreamed all night of the mystery of mysteries which he was to unravel on the morrow.

The boy had been in bed an hour. The clock struck nine. The farmer put away his newspaper; his wife laid aside her knitting and brought the Bible and laid it on the table before her husband. He read a chapter, gravely and solemnly but in tones that echoed through the silent house thrilling with the tremor of a strong man's earnestness. Then the husband and wife knelt in prayer. Her head was bowed upon the low, cushioned rocker on which she had been sitting, while his hands grasped the heavy wooden "Windsor" chair he had occupied, and his strong face showed over its back as he prayed. Harrison Kortright was a positive man in all things, but in his religion, especially so. If he had ever been troubled with doubt, it had long since been exorcised. That he meant to walk with God no one could doubt who looked at him. He was not soft and loving and sweet of temper, but he was in earnest and would have fought for his faith or died for it without a murmur; though he would have much preferred the fighting to the dying. His earnestness somewhat impaired what we are accustomed to term reverence. The God he worshiped, was an approachable every-day being. In his prayers he spoke to this Omnipotent face to face and was quite unabashed by the fact. He was not ashamed to come before the throne of the Eternal, for he felt that he came by virtue of a divine right. The God to whom his family altar had been builded was the One, Almighty, Invisible Eternal, but then he had been bidden to come before him with boldness and he came in simple obedience to that command, and he poured out the desires of an earnest, honest heart. Outside, the snow fell upon the window-ledge, silent and soft. The great flakes came noiselessly against the pane. The heaps grew higher and higher upon the sash. The voice of the worshiper went beyond the walls—out into the snowy night which muffled its tones to a soft murmur. The candlelight shone upon the white flocculence and made a golden pathway upward from the window-seat toward the sky. As he prayed a face looked in at the window—gave a quick startled look—then another, a close keen glance—at the bowed woman's head and the calm strong man's face. The snow fell between the watcher and the window, but the light showed that it was a woman's face. The prayer ended, and the face disappeared. The worshipers arose. The woman passed her hands over her hair smoothing it down toward the temples. She began to put back the chairs against the wall. The man put the Bible he had read upon the mantel near the stove and passed out

into the hall. The whirring of wheels was heard as he wound the old Dutch clock. It was the last of the day's duties. When this was done he would cross the hall into his bed-room. His wife had taken up the candle to follow him when there was a knock at the door. She started, then stopped and listened as if uncertain. She thought she heard a movement on the porch. There was another knock.

"What—Who's there?" she asked in startled accents.

The question was not answered. The door opened and a woman entered. The two gazed at each other a moment and then, as if there had been a mutual recognition, the farmer's wife approached her unseasonable visitant, asked a question, and in a moment more the new-comer was sitting by the stove and the good wife was ministering to her comfort.

An hour later Harrison Kortright left his house with the stranger, who had meantime eaten heartily, snugly wrapped up beside him in his buggy while his wife held the flaming candle at the end of the porch.

"Don't set up for me, Martha," he called as they drove away. "I shan't be back afore midnight anyhow and like's not it'll be later 'n that."

It was later, for the clock in the hall had struck two before his step sounded again on the porch, and stamping the snow from his feet he entered the room where his wife sat awaiting him.

"All right," he said in reply to a look of inquiry; "but I've had a hard time—an awful hard time. The snow's above knee deep and I had to leave the buggy at Smithson's and ride home horseback, an' without a saddle, too. Even in that way it was hard to get along. I've had to walk half the way for fear the horse would give out. As good luck will have it, it ain't very cold; if it had been I don't know how I'd ever got through."

He shook off the snow and removed his hat and coat.

His wife lifted the coffee-pot from the stove and set it on the table where she had already spread a lunch. Then she approached as he sat tugging at his soaked boots and laying her hand on his head exclaimed:

"Why, how wet your hair is!"

"Wet! I guess if you'd seen me wading through this snow and towing the horse after me for five miles, you wouldn't wonder. I'm just as wet as if I'd been in the river. Don't believe I ever had such a job. If it keeps on this way I don't know how anybody'll get to 'lection to-morrow."

"I don't think it makes much difference whether they do or not," said the wife briskly. "'Twixt Whigs and Democrats and Locofocos and Hunkers and Hards and Softs, and what not, I don't see much difference."

The husband sat gazing intently into the fire a moment with one of the boots he had just laboriously drawn off still in his hand, before he answered:

"It really does seem, Martha, as if the Lord was takin' a mighty queer way to establish righteousness in the land, but I guess He'll do it. Oh, dear," he exclaimed, rising from his chair and stretching his arms above his head, "I'm too tired to talk about it—I'm just done out."

He evidently spoke truly. After a sup or two of coffee he declared that he could eat nothing—he was too tired. And almost before the words were fairly uttered, with his wife's help he had staggered off to bed. She returned presently and hung his wet clothes by the glowing stove and then herself retired. It was almost three o'clock when silence and darkness fell upon Paradise Bay that night. The silent flakes were still falling without. The clouds that hung above the valley when the sun went down were outspread upon the earth when it arose. The clouds that hung above the land waited till the sun of a generation had set before they burst.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BIG BELLS.—Big Ben has a rival. Great Paul has ended his rather old-fashioned journey from the Messrs. Taylor's, at Loughborough, to St. Paul's, a journey made in a wagon which might have seemed of the sixteenth century, had not the motive power been a steam-engine. The tower of St. Paul's has heretofore contained nothing heavier than five tons, and as the old bells are never rung, save at the death and funeral of the Lord Mayors, a bishop or dean and a member of the Royal family, there are many who have never heard them. Neither has the tower suffered from continuous vibration, as is the case in many German towers, where the chimes sound the quarters, and where, as no two sets agree, the traveler may make his own selection as to hours. Great Paul weighs nearly twenty tons, being twice as heavy as the largest bell in St. Peter's, Rome. Weight and size are not the ways in which to measure a bell, strength of sound being the real criterion; but one would wish to be not less than three miles distant when Great Paul answers to the first stroke of the hammer. Big Ben cracked, and there is fear that Great Paul may also prove inadequate to the demand upon him, but in any case "the bells of London Town" will again be famous. Long ago the learned John Drabicius spent four hundred folio pages on an argument, proving that the blest inhabitants of heaven spend their entire time in bell-ringing, and as other earthly noises are

probably eliminated, this may be less intolerable than it seems. But, for the most of us, bells are now a nuisance, and it is only as the sound floats to us through the air of the quiet country that any beauty or solemnity attaches to it. In the city they are simply another element of conscious or unconscious nervous irritation, and if any law could be made on the subject it should include a provision that all bell-towers should be not less than half a mile from human dwellings, any difficulty as to ringing being met by some Edisonian attachment, warranted to ring a peal subdued or loud as the case may demand.

THE literary taste and the moral sense of the present generation may well be questioned in the face of certain facts rather depressing to the honest literary worker. Zola has already accumulated a fortune, his pay being like that of other French authors, one franc on each volume selling at three and a-half francs. Of "Nana" alone 116,000 copies have been sold; of "L'Assommoir," 97,000, and of "Une Page d'Amour," 43,000. The various other books are in like proportion, the whole making a sum of 350,000 francs, and this does not include large receipts from French newspapers, in the *feuilleton* of which the novels first appeared. It is thus easy to understand M. Zola's indifference to adverse criticism.

EDITORIAL.

The Irish Situation.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S letters to the *Tribune* on the origin and character of the Irish movement are the most timely thing in recent journalism. His introduction of himself as one "sufficiently well known to the majority of American readers to render it unnecessary for me to assure them that I am not a turbulent revolutionary in politics" is both modest and self-respecting. He is altogether right in believing that it is light that is required by American readers. Even by the best informed the Irish movement is but little understood. Indeed, it is not a matter of which any one man's view can be said to be conclusive. Mr. McCarthy's exposition is valuable as being the view of a sincere, clear-headed patriot, whose whole course of thought has been colored by a careful and appreciative observation of our American growth. That he is by temperament somewhat over-sanguine does not at all detract from the value of his testimony, but rather the reverse, from the fact that it must be contrasted in the minds of his readers with the views of pessimistic opponents, who regard Ireland as a region incapable of hopeful growth and to be rendered fit for civilization only by a continued and still more severely forcible transplantation of English methods and ideas. This is the view of Mr. Goldwin Smith, a doctrinaire, whose superabundant egotism never showed to better advantage than in his recent proposal that England, in order to govern Ireland, should abandon all that she has learned of self-government—the fruit of centuries of bloody-sweating. Mr. Smith's absurd distrust of the jury system, because its verdicts are sometimes ridiculous and sometimes unjust, has blinded him to the fact that its especial value is not so much in the added certainty it gives to individual right as that in times of turbulence and excitement it stands as a check to power. The jury may safely be allowed to fall into desuetude as an ordinary method of determining the rights of parties-litigant, as it has in some of our States, not by its formal abolition, but by permitted custom. For the ascertainment of such rights as usually become the subject of litigation between individuals, it is a cumbersome and by no means certain method. But it is when the acts of individuals are charged with a public significance and the flavor of some general sentiment is attached to them that it becomes indispensable to the growth of liberty. Its temporary suspension may be a necessity for the preservation of public order, but that should only continue so long as the state of insurrection actually exists, and no such thing as a substitute for it should be for a moment contemplated with reference to a people already moved with the throes of self-government. The idea of suspension of trial by jury is, no doubt, an outgrowth of British rule in India, itself an anomaly, and as yet an experiment, the fruits of which are not such as should make even its most ardent votaries anxious to extend the field of its application. The true policy of England beyond doubt is to devise some form of local self-government adapted to the need and genius of the Irish people as a constituent part of Great Britain, and to prepare Ireland for the progress she so much needs by casting the restraint of added responsibility upon her as rapidly as it can be done consistently with safety and the public peace. That the disorders should be repressed, the present government sustained—in fact, peace established at no matter what cost,—no intelligent observer can deny. No punishment can be too severe for criminals and the instigators of crime. But to subvert the institutions under

which English and American liberty has grown, by substituting the methods of absolutism, is to try to lock up the future and turn the pages of history backward. Mr. McCarthy's views will be eagerly welcomed by thousands of Americans who look with anxious sympathy upon this painful crisis of that country to which we are so close akin as to feel her destiny to be inextricably interlocked with our own.

An American Jury.

APROPPOS of the jury system, we have the pleasure of calling attention to the fact that one of the most outrageous and unblushing election frauds ever perpetrated is about to be punished through the intervention of a jury in North Carolina. The cases are known in our political annals as the Halifax County frauds, which were peculiarly barefaced. There is no doubt that in thousands of cases the jury has been the bulwark against evil in the Southern States since the war. The recent election cases in South Carolina show this most conclusively. Yet it was well indeed that the jury was not subverted and another tribunal substituted. The moral effect of the verdict rendered at Raleigh cannot be measured. It shows a healthy, hopeful growth of public sentiment. Not that there is, or is to be any miraculous change. The case is altogether exceptional at the South and probably will be for many years, but when the evil is finally cured it will be cured for all time. When the people are both law-makers and executioners the public sentiment, which is above all law, must, sooner or later, strangle and suppress crime. Our Southern question is a new one when compared with the Irish problem that confronts England. Instead of a score or two of political murders, however, we had them by the thousands. The ills we had to face were of a more desperate and apparently hopeless character than those beyond the Irish Channel. Diversity of race and the actual servile relation previously existing seemed to offer insuperable obstacles to its solution. It is not yet solved, but we are growing toward its solution. If we cannot see the end we have good ground for hope in the beginning, and we feel confident that when the end is once reached the ground will not have to be gone over again. The national life will overgrow the scars we now deplore. The idea of mere repression often produces the more pleasing immediate results; but the process of growth is the only true means of progress. Our Government was flagrantly and criminally remiss in its failure to protect its citizens against unlawful violence, but it was wise in its refusal to subvert the great principles of self-government by the establishment of special and abnormal instrumentalities.

"Eve's Daughters."

"MARION HARLAND'S" new book, "Eve's Daughters," is, perhaps, the most remarkable work of the kind ever published. The graceful and sympathetic writer, whose hand has already done so much to lighten the labors and brighten the lives of her sisters, in these pages admits every American mother, daughter and wife to a series of confidential talks, every word of which is instinct with candor, good sense, delicacy and sincerity. No man can read it without gathering from its pages a new lesson of tenderness and sympathy for the yokefellow of his life; no mother without yearning to instill its truths into the tender heart of her daughter, and no daughter without learning to honor with a still tenderer devotion the

mother who has died to the world that she might live in it. The author recognizes fully a fact that the writers of all such works have forgotten heretofore, that every new generation faces new duties, exists under new conditions, and that yesterday's guide-books are only half-reliable charts of to-morrow's journey. She speaks to the girl, the wife, the mother of to-day, and not one of them should fail to read her words. As a rule, we cordially detest all such books. There are half a dozen works on the growth of the boy and girl—the duties, perils and responsibilities of manhood and womanhood as contrasted states of existence—which have been written by wise men and good women, which we remember almost with execration. They may have done some good, but they are almost sure to have done more harm. Even good advice may be given in a form and in quantities that will derange the stoutest moral digestive apparatus, destroy hope and leave the reader worse off than before it was taken. This fault the author has avoided, and one can readily imagine the father giving the volume to his budding daughter with a kiss, and the daughter thanking him with bright eyes when she has perused its pages. Mrs. Terhune may not be correct in all her conclusions, but she certainly leads every reader to think upon the most important of all earthly subjects and in a fashion that is sure to do them, and those who are to come after them, good. There are faults of style which we freely forgive for the sympathetic spirit that lightens every page. There is a somewhat too prominent exposition of religious dogmas, but the reverent spirit in which it is given sweetens it so well that we are almost glad there is no less. Despite these motes, however, we heartily enjoyed its perusal and devoutly wish that every American woman would con its pages and heed the lessons of this charming and pre-eminently useful book. Its lessons are especially needed that the life of to-day may be made better and the hope of to-morrow made brighter.

Plain Talk.

THE Republicans of Forsythe county, North Carolina, used honest English prose in the resolution adopted concerning the Collector of Internal Revenue for that district. They say:

"We condemn the appointment of George B. Everitt as Collector of Internal Revenue in this district; his inordinate egotism, his disgusting arrogance and want of common politeness toward those with whom he comes in contact deserve the severest censure."

The language seems strong to one unacquainted with the facts, but to one having such knowledge it no doubt appears weak. Forsythe county is one of the most intelligent counties in the South. It was a strong Union county during the war, and has, perhaps, a larger proportion of white Republicans in it than any other in the State. The words of such men are worthy of attention, and when they publicly put forth such a charge against an officer in a service so obnoxious to the people as the Internal Revenue system there should be no hesitation about his removal, no matter at whose personal solicitation and demand he was appointed. This is Civil Service reform of the highest type—the removal of a man who uses his office in a manner offensive to those whose servant he is.

THE CONTINENT makes its bow in its new dress and is ready to pose for the inspection of its readers. We have not been lavish of promises, but we did agree to come to our readers in a form which we thought would please them all. This number is the result of our best effort in that direction. We wait for the verdict.

"THAT New World which is the Old" is looking after its laurels. There is to be no more monopoly of the mummy truth by Egypt. What didn't we get when we

bought Alaska? Perhaps our legendary friend will yet discover a Cleopatra's Needle or a pyramid which some silly New York crank can plant in all the loneliness of the inharmonious upon the crowded island of Manhattan.

THE STILL HOUR.

IN SICKNESS.

ALL the long day I seem to float away
Through the gray mists that hide both sea and sun
I hear the plash of waves; I feel their spray,
And still my boat is drifting farther on.

Love cannot reach me: death and night alone
Are with me, and with ever-deepening shade
Curtain me round, till darkness thick has grown
And helpless hands are stretched in vain for aid.

God has forgotten; only pain has life,
And weakness stealing soul and sense away.
God has forgotten, and amid the strife
I hear the unknown sea and feel its spray.

Faint through the darkness shines a tender light;
Soft falls a voice I cannot help but hear—
"Through waters deep thou passest, yet thy sight
Full soon shall know thy Lord was always near."

Drift as thou wilt my boat, if, as the tide
More swiftly ebbs and bears thee out to sea,
That love unchanging may with me abide,
That voice still sound, that light still lead to Thee.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

OUR children will be better, do more, love more, and be in every way in advance of ourselves.—Wm. M. Baker.

TEARS on the cheek of a repentant soul are more precious in the eyes of God than the pearls in the diadems that angels wear.—W. P. Breed.

To rejoice in another's prosperity is to give content to your own lot; to mitigate another's grief is to alleviate or dispel your own.—Tryon Edwards.

HEATHENISM was the seeking religion; Judaism the hoping religion; Christianity is the reality of what Heathenism sought and Judaism hoped for.—Luthardt.

MEN may close their eyes to the evidences of the truth of the New Testament and remain in voluntary darkness and blindness, but the evidences exist, attested by unimpeachable witnesses.—John Hall.

A CHILD is a veritable Athenian, always desiring to hear something new. As he matures he carries this need on and up with him, and he who would be a teacher must know this fact and feed this desire.—H. C. McCook.

IN Sparta it was a law that men should worship the gods with as little expense as possible. There are already enrolled on the church books of the United States enough such Spartans to make three thousand new Thermopylaes.

HUMILITY is an element of success. Pride makes a man overrate himself and leads him to undertake what he cannot perform. But humility, a true modesty before God and man, teaches him to wait patiently until success comes in legitimate ways.—J. P. Newman.

THE best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent tolerance; to a friend your love; to your child a good example; to your father deference; to your mother conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself respect; to all men charity.—Mrs. Balfour.

MANY Christians cannot fix the precise date of their conversion. The new life came to them as the dawn comes—darkness slowly giving place to steel gray, and the steel gray to silver, and the silver reddening into ruddy gold, and all so quietly and steadily that we could not fix the precise birth-moment of the day.—T. L. Cuyler.

How many of us would be willing to turn our characters wrong side out and wear them thus for a single day before the astonished and disappointed gaze of our fellow-beings? Yet we are willing that our omniscient God should see them as they are, with their rents, their patches, their soiled lining and unsightly seams.—Julia H. Thayer.

J. L. RUSSELL.

BOOK NOTES.

"SOUTH MOUNTAIN MAGIC," a very sketchy but very picturesque little volume, by Mrs. Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren, just issued by J. R. Osgood & Co., is made up in part of personal experiences but chiefly from stories told by the old dwellers on the mountain. For the collection of such material she has had the greatest facilities, her summer home for years having been an old stone mansion on the very spot where the battle of September 14, 1862, was fought. It is small wonder if at the point where the struggle was sharpest uneasy ghosts should still wander or even fight again that hotly-contested battle, and that they do fight is proved by one of the most extraordinary tales in the book, a tale so dramatically told that we recommend all who would experience a pleasing terror to buy it at once. As a contribution toward popular magic, in which even the most skeptical have a certain belief, and as a record of most uncanny experiences, it is commended to all who are sufficiently scientific to explain it away, but is not the best reading for lonely evenings in an empty house, as the critic is prepared to testify.

"THE INDEX GUIDE TO TRAVEL AND ART STUDY IN EUROPE," by Lafayette C. Loomis, is quite unlike anything we have had in the way of guides, the title giving a very good idea of its nature. The alphabetic system is adopted, and in this way is arranged all the geographical, historical and art information most necessary to the traveler. Excellent maps, plans and cuts of especially famous pictures and statues are given, as well as a synopsis of the contents of art galleries, while at the end is an outline of between sixty and seventy routes of travel, the distances, fares and length of time required for each. It is hard to see how more information could have been compressed into the same space, and even the enforced stayer-at-home can gain many hints from the compact little book, which would seem to fill a hitherto empty niche. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.

From the same publishers comes a novel looked for with more than the average interest, for has it not been first whispered, then proclaimed on the house-top, that here was the fulfillment of a dream, the long-expected American novel? "Guerndale" is American, distinctively so, and thus far gives satisfaction, for it holds no faintest suggestion of James or his school. The hero begins life under a fatality, a curse that has burdened and blighted his family for three generations. The story of his lonely and shadowed childhood is pathetically forlorn, and though, as he passes on to boyhood, college life and active, eager manhood, the spell seems to have passed, there is always this undercurrent of pathos. The college life is vividly pictured, but there is small hope for America if these sneering young cynics represent her true thought or tendency. The story is realistic, in a more savory sense than that of the French school, but from beginning to end there is hardly a gleam of light. Mean motives, meaner actions, wrong and treachery encompass Guerndale, who dies at last defrauded of the happiness he deserved, the sole bit of justice being that the diamond, the possession of which had first entailed the curse upon the family, and which is taken from the death chamber by his rival and enemy, proves to be only crystal. A morbid study in anatomy, unwholesome, false to real life and the best thought, but powerfully written, so powerfully that the author might easily afford us something as fine and strong and earnest as the grade of his present work gives us the right to demand.

To turn from "Guerndale" to George S. Merriam's "Way of Life" is like going from the interior of a pyramid to daylight. The pyramid may be of absorbing interest, but all the same one emerges half suffocated and grimy with dust. But here is a man who, even when most filled with the doubt and perplexity that is part of our nineteenth-century life, answers for every one of us the question, "How to live successfully and victoriously?" To the many for whom the figure of Christ has become dim and obscured by the sense that much of the gospel narrative is legend and myth, the opening chapter on the character of Christ will open up a new significance in the life. The orthodox reader may object to certain points making against old theories, but the spirit and execution of the little book place it beyond any carping judgment. Helpful, cheery and resolute, any life that follows the sweet seriousness of its teaching will have been nobly lived, and it deserves a place on the private book-shelf of every one to whom life seems only an unending question, but who will find here an answer and an assurance holding the certainty not only of comfort but of progress.

FROM the same publisher (George H. Ellis, Boston), comes a dainty little volume, "A Year of Miracle," by William C. Ganett. Sermons are not usually regarded as popular reading, but the four included here are poems in which deep devotion and as deep a love of nature are blended equally. The four seasons of the year are the four texts; a topic so hackneyed that any fresh, live word would seem impossible. But scientific detail has aided a warm imagination, and his use of such detail shows absolute genius. The first edition of the book sold in a few days, and it deserves all the popularity it has gained.

"GYPSIES," by Dr. Dio Lewis, from M. L. Holbrook, is a fifty-cent book too sketchily and slangily written to have any value as literature. It is a record, not of life among the Romanies, but of a party of friends who went gyping in the Sierras, and there are two points which make it of real value; one, the effect of California climate on consumption; the other, Dr. Lewis's observations of the Chinese and his comments on the Chinese question. After three years' experience with them he regards them not only as faithful and laborious servants, but as more capable of becoming good citizens than the average Irishman, and this conviction he shares with many who have watched them longer.

"HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, a Biographical Sketch," by Francis H. Underwood, is much more than a compilation hurried before the public, while the sense of loss and the keen interest in every detail attending it are still fresh. Mr. Underwood was a personal friend of the poet, and was engaged on the work fully a year before his death. It professes to be simply a sketch, but it is at present the only worthy memorial of Longfellow, and until the elaborate life is ready will fill a place nothing else can so well do. J. R. Osgood & Co., publishers.

LITERARY NEWS.

"SARAH TYTLER," well known as the writer of several attractive little books on art, is said to be really Mrs. Henrietta Keddie.

ANOTHER crowned head appears as an author in the Emperor of Brazil, whose book of travels is nearly completed. It will be published in French with the title, "Impressions de Voyage."

THE Imperial Government at St. Petersburg having first decided to publish the letters and papers of Peter the Great, has reconsidered and announces that nothing will be done at present.

A NEW English magazine is announced by Longman & Co., which is to throw all others into the shade. Among other contributors, Professor Tyndall, Mr. Huxley and James Payn are mentioned.

MRS. LYDIA MARIA CHILD left behind her many interesting and important papers, and they are now being prepared for the press by Mrs. S. E. Sewall and Mrs. S. M. Parsons, the latter a niece of Mrs. Child.

A FAC-SIMILE reprint of George Herbert's "The Temple," has been brought out in England, and the introductory essay on "George Herbert and his Verse" has been written by Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, author of "John Inglesant."

A PROPHECY comes from Professor Henry Morley who, having given most of his life to researches in literary history, asserts that the time is ripe for the arising of a great intellectual figure, destined to inaugurate a new era of thought and literature throughout the world.

ELSTOW CHURCH is to have a memorial window in honor of John Bunyan, and thus the arch-dissenter who spent twelve years in jail on account of heretical opinions, comes to an honor of which he never dreamed, and the whirligig of time has brought round a revenge beyond any wish he could have formed.

M. CHERBULIEZ, who has just been received into the French Academy, though fifty-two years of age, is still active and strong. He is of middle height, with gray moustache and imperial, which give him rather a military expression, and when tired of novel writing he varies the work by political reviews. He is said to have once lived and taught in this country, and he did no literary work till over thirty.

CARLYLE's snarl over his experiences in Ireland, which has been running through the *Century*, is to be issued by the Harpers in book form. Mr. Froude states in his preface that Carlyle gave the MS. to Mr. Newbery who was then acting as his secretary. Mr. Newbery gave it to the late Mr. Thomas Ballantyne, and Mr.

Ballantyne sold it to a Mr. Anderson, from whom in turn it passed to the publishers.

THE reprint of "The Dial" proposed by Messrs. Roberts Bros. will fill four octavo volumes, but the work will not be undertaken unless they are assured of two hundred subscribers at \$15 each. To non-subscribers the price will be \$20. The index and history of the publication will be carefully and minutely prepared by the Rev. Geo. W. Cooke, author of "Ralph Waldo Emerson, his Life, Writings and Philosophy."

THE suggestion is now made that "A Reverend Idol" is by Miss Howard, the author of "Aunt Serena," but internal evidence seems lacking, though it is undoubtedly of quite as noble origin. There is no reason to doubt, however, that the charming Round Robin novel "Dorothea," is by Miss Louise Stockton, of Philadelphia, her light and delicate touch being apparently a family inheritance, as some of the same quality exists in "Rudder Grange," the work of her brother Frank Stockton.

THE London Times joins in the wail coming from so many English journals over the effect of the circulating library upon literature. The trade demand and will have three-volumed novels, and so an author, whether he has anything to say or not, stretches his material till the space is filled. The Times ends as follows: "While books are as monstrously dear as they are in England people will not buy; they will borrow. The dear book and the circulating library are the two clay feet on which the Colossus of the book trade supports itself. Till they are replaced by something stronger, the Colossus will not stand firm."

PERSONALS.

THE Garfield Memorial window for Williams College is to be the work of J. F. La Farge, whose name is already famous in a direction not usual with American artists.

THE latest gift to the Emperor of Germany is from Alexander of Russia, who has presented him four horses, two of which drew the late Czar's carriage at the time of the assassination.

THE famous Hungarian painter Munkacsy has added a "De" to his name, this being allowed by the patent of nobility lately conferred upon him. His name however is, in any case, a *nom de plume* taken from Munkacs, the place where he was born.

WAGNER refuses to visit England again, remembering the antipathy manifested toward him years ago in London, and insisting that it was "based upon the peculiar character of the English religion, having more affinity with the Old than the New Testament."

THE secret archives of the Vatican are in great disorder, and two Cardinals have lately begun the work of arranging and indexing them. Some documents of great historic interest have thus been brought to light, the most important being the correspondence of Pius IX with several European sovereigns between 1846 and 1849.

A HEAVY Maltese cross of silver has been presented to W. T. Crump, the former steward of the White House, as a token of appreciation for the unceasing attention given by him to President Garfield after the assassination. The cross bears upon its face a passion-cross and crown of gold, and is an offering from Columbia Commandery No. 21, of Knights Templar.

THE place of Lord Frederick Cavendish in the House of Commons has been filled by a rich woolen manufacturer, Mr. Holden, who began business as a bookkeeper in a Yorkshire spinning mill. He was then for a time a local preacher among the Wesleyans, though never, in spite of his prominence, a popular one, being "strongly Puritanic, often bitter and always stern."

Mrs. Stowe had looked forward with a little uneasiness to the elaborate ceremonies ordained for her seventieth birthday, having always followed the old Puritan custom of not noticing such anniversaries. But now that it is over she will have only pleasant memories of an occasion which brought together many of the most distinguished living authors at the house of ex-Governor Claflin, the celebration taking the form of a garden party with music, collation and speeches.

BOSTON loses one of her most earnest and efficient workers in the death of Professor Rogers, President of the National Academy of Science and more than any other man the founder of the Boston School of Technology, so far as its scheme of work is concerned. Beginning his connection with it in 1853, he was for

many years Professor of Physics and Geology, and for many more President, until at 76 forced by weakened health to retire from active duty. But his interest never failed, and his death on the day of Commencement at the very desk from which he had year after year greeted the graduating class was not an unfitting end to a life of patient and earnest work.

DURING Emerson's last visit to England he went one Sunday to the church in Stratford-on-Avon and took his seat near the monument to Shakespeare. The sermon was far better than usual, and as the congregation dispersed at its close Emerson sat lost in deep thought. At last a friend touched him and reminded him that the sermon was over. "The sermon?" exclaimed the philosopher starting up from his reverie; "I did not know there had been one."

A HANDSOME monument of gray Indiana limestone has been placed over the grave of Bayard Taylor in the Longwood Cemetery near his old home, Cedar Croft, at Kennett Square, Penna. The form is that of an ancient Greek altar, and on the drum is a bronze bas-relief of the poet, encircled partially by a wreath of bay and oak. Below it is the inscription:

BAYARD TAYLOR.

January 11, 1825—December 19, 1878.

The other side of the monument bears these lines from Mr. Taylor's poem "Prince Deukalion":

"For life, whose source not here began,
Must fill the utmost sphere of man:
And, so expanding, lifted be
Along the line of God's decree,
To find in endless growth all good—
In endless toil, beatitude."

Over this is a butterfly carved in relief. The frieze, surmounted by a plain cornice, bears simply the text:

He being dead yet speaketh.—*Heb. xi. 4.*

CURRENT EVENTS SINCE OUR LAST.

Political.—The President nominated as members of the Tariff Commission William A. Wheeler, of New York; John L. Hayes, of Massachusetts; Henry W. Oliver, Jr., of Pennsylvania; Austin M. Garland, of Illinois; Jacob Ambler, of Ohio; John S. Phelps, of Missouri; Robert P. Porter, of District of Columbia; John W. H. Underwood, of Georgia; Duncan F. Kenner, of Louisiana.—A caucus of Democratic Senators was held to consider the Tariff Commission appointments, at which it was objected that they were inconsistent with an impartial investigation, and represented too prominently the Protection interest.—The House Judiciary Committee agreed upon a new Bankruptcy bill.—In the Halifax county election cases, tried at Raleigh, N. C., the jury found two of the defendants guilty.—Hon. H. B. Anthony, of Rhode Island, was re-elected to his fifth consecutive term as United States Senator.

Domestic.—A number of Union and Confederate veteran officers visited the battle-field of Gettysburg to fix the actual position of the several commands during the fight there.—A State camp of instruction has been established near Peekskill, N. Y., and several regiments of the National Guard will occupy it successively during the summer.—The New York State Medical Society recently passed a resolution permitting its members to consult with homeopathic physicians in cases where the dictates of humanity required it; at the meeting of the American Medical Association this action was strongly censured.—It is stated that a new telegraph company, with a capital of \$21,000,000, has been organized and has begun work on its lines.

Foreign.—Michael Davitt sailed for America, the object of his mission being to explain the scope and meaning of the new development of the land agitation which has for its aim the nationalization of land, and to appeal for support for the Ladies' Land League.—Another Irish landlord was murdered, together with a soldier who protected him. Several farmers were also attacked and wounded.—The Irish judges have protested against the suspension of trial by jury as provided for in the Repression bill.—A monthly "Anti-fashion Journal" is projected by Lady Habberton's National Dress Society.—Memorial meetings in honor of Garibaldi were held at Rome and Paris; and in this country at New York, Washington, Chicago, Cincinnati, Richmond and San Francisco.

Religious.—The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church North held its sessions in Springfield, Illinois, from May

18-29. The fact that a great forward step was taken toward the establishment of fraternal relations with the Presbyterian Church South should make this assembly historic.—The Baptist Church societies held their anniversaries in New York city May 24-27.—Rev. Dr. Van Slyke, of the Dutch Reformed Church, Kingston, N. Y., has been called to the Euclid Avenue Church, Cleveland, Ohio.—Rev. Irving Magee, D. D., Lutheran, of Albany, N. Y., accepts a call to the Presbyterian Church at Rondout, N. Y.—Rev. H. C. McCook, D. D., preached the baccalaureate sermon before "The National School of Oratory and Elocution" on Sunday afternoon, June 11.—Professor J. Henry Thayer, D. D., of Andover Theological Seminary, has resigned the chair of New Testament, Language and Literature; cause, the difference between the faculty and board of visitors concerning Dr. Newman Smyth.—The Diocese of Illinois, Episcopal, by a vote of 90 to 5, refused to women the privilege of voting in church matters. Does the world move?—The United Presbyterian General Assembly at Monmouth, Illinois, May 31, voted 120 to 90 to allow instrumental music in their churches. The world does move!—Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman's salary as pastor of Madison Avenue Congregational Church, New York city, has been increased to \$10,000 per annum. He goes to Europe for two months.—Mrs. Cornelia A. Dikeman, of Washington, D. C., deceased, bequeathes \$21,000 to charitable and religious objects, \$10,000 of the amount being to the Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church.—The widow of Asa Packer has presented a Sabbath-school building costing \$50,000 to the St. Mark's Episcopal Church of Mauch Chunk, Pa.—Rev. John DeWitt, D. D., leaves the pastorate of the Tenth Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, for a chair in Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio.—Rev. Staats Van Santvoord, D. D., died at New Baltimore, N. Y., on May 29, aged ninety-two years. He graduated from Union College in 1811, and from New Brunswick Theological Seminary in 1814.—Rev. John P. Knox, D. D., pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Newton, L. I., died on June 3.—Prof. M. P. Jewett, who previous to the final organization of Vassar College was its President, died on June 9.—Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth goes from the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Quincy, Illinois, to the pastorate of the Centre Congregational Church of New Haven, Conn.—Two bishops of the Episcopal Church pronounce against the revised version. Bishop Bedell says that "its constant and apparently unnecessary changes accomplish no good purpose whatever." Bishop Doane that "it is remarkable for willful Greek and woful English."

Scientific.—An International Commission is to be recommended by the Foreign Affairs Committee of Congress to fix upon a meridian proper to be employed as a common zero of longitude and standard of time reckoning throughout the globe.—A Commission has been appointed by the French Minister of Public Instruction, which will direct the deep-sea explorations to be made in the *Travailleur* in July and August. The ocean bed along the coasts of Spain, Portugal and Morocco is to be investigated, and the members of the Commission are all well known scientific names.—The Phylloxera has caused such panic in vine-growing districts that there is especial need of the chromolithographic plates lately issued by Hachette & Co. There are two of map size, one illustrating the habits of the insect, the other its varied stages and conditions.—The telegraph is making rapid way in China, the line at present in use having been the private undertaking of a company of Chinese merchants at Canton, but the British authorities object to its extension unless it is constructed by a British company. From their far-sighted liberality they might almost be Californians.—Herr L. Stejneger, the eminent Norwegian naturalist, has gone to Kamtschatka with instruments and appliances from the U. S. Signal Service Department for the purpose of carrying out instructions from the Smithsonian and Meteorological Institutes. He is to erect a meteorological station of the first class at such point as he may decide upon, on the coast of Kamtschatka; one of the second or third class on Behring Island, and one at Petropawlawsk. He is also to draw up a report of the fishing grounds, and to make certain collections for the National Museum.—It is proposed by the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain to hold an exhibition in 1883 similar to the one of 1868 at the Crystal Palace, for the purpose of ascertaining the position of the science of aeronautics. Prizes are to be offered, and an exhibit of balloons with all new appliances for propelling and increasing their general utility.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

EDITED BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

Trimming.

"I'd give anything if I could, but I can't. It's just impossible!"

"I don't see why you shouldn't. Tom's salary is just the same as my husband's, and we went."

"Well, I don't know how you manage. I'm sure I contrive and pinch and turn, and do you know since I began the spring sewing I haven't got to bed before midnight? Girls need so many things, and I've made each of them seven new dresses, besides jackets and everything else."

"It's wicked, Hattie. You'll kill yourself, and I don't believe any step-mother would make seven new dresses apiece for four girls."

"I don't care whether she would or not. I've got three times the eye for a pretty dress that Mrs. Jones has, for all her money, and I won't have my children looking like hers if I never went to bed. But I would like to have a month in the country, only they play so and soil their clothes so awfully I haven't a minute's peace."

"Put them in gingham, then. The cheap gingham this year are very strong and very pretty."

"Ginghams!" The lady's voice rose almost to a shriek.

"Why don't you say six-cent calico at once? Thank goodness, I've always managed to dress them like ladies, and I'm always going to."

"I wouldn't wear a gingham, anyway," chimed in a small child of seven or eight, whose "Mother Hubbard" of cheap, pale blue bunting and sleazy silk was "shirred" wherever shirring would go, while her pale and scornful little countenance looked out from the shadow of countless blue plumes. "I can help make my own clothes when I'm bigger, and I always take care of them."

"So you do, my precious!" said her mother fervently. "I wish Lily and Blanche were half as careful. You're mother's own child."

"But you couldn't wear that dress in the country, Genevieve," said the friend, against whom she had been leaning.

"Oh, yes I could; because all you want to do is to sit on the piazza and you don't get mused a bit."

"Yes, if it was just Genevieve I should know it could be done, but the others, you see, would tear themselves to strings the first day, and where's the money for new ones?"

"Well, I'd have something they couldn't tear," said the friend, who has signaled the car to stop, and the small child, as she looked after her, remarked plaintively:

"Auntie Allen isn't a bit stylish, mamma. Why don't she dress better?"

It was in a horse-car, that spot sacred apparently to interior confidences, long experience having proved that the average man or woman is possessed with the firm delusion that the rumble of the car drowns the voice and renders hearing by any but the pair engaged in revelations an impossibility. And so what would be whispered at home is shouted in car or stage, or if not shouted, pitched in a key so vibrant and penetrating that no effort not to hear is of slightest avail. In this case hearing had simply brought freshly to mind certain thoughts occasioned by a survey of a counter filled with children's clothing; cheap material, but trimmed wherever trimming could be put; long stitches, poorly finished seams, miserable buttonholes, but always trimming. Coarse Hamburg, coarser lace, coarsest fringe, on seams and ruffles and sleeves; a copy in detail of the elaborate and expensive suits displayed further on. Nothing strong and neat and serviceable, as well as pretty, but always this meretricious and forlornly and self-evidently cheap ornament. Through the great store ran the same parallel; the sham and the real side by side, and nine times out of ten the nervous and anxious-looking mother passed by the material that would have lasted and looked well to the end of the chapter and spent the money that would have secured it on cheaper material and—trimming.

This is no attempt to set trimming aside. In fact, such attempt would be as hopeless as Mrs. Partington's labors with her broom against the Atlantic Ocean. The spirit of trimming has entered into the daily life of the whole American people, and from palace to log-cabin; we decorate first ourselves and then our homes, or our homes and then ourselves, according to the degree of esthetic enthusiasm to which we have attained. And as life

has been rather bare and poor the craze has had its uses, and a better future for all art will be one of its results. But more and more this passion for dress is making a mother's life an unending struggle with scissors and sewing machine. She has no time in which to enjoy the country, and no money left from trimming with which to get there, and nervous and haggard and worn herself looks with wonder at children who reproduce these conditions in even more aggravated form. She labors night and day, yet it is a labor that profiteth not. Of her real self the children have nothing. They are pushed aside to make room for the sewing machine, and the time comes when she has no longer a self to give, all possibility of any real life having been stitched into ruffles. The children have learned to do without her, and she wonders weakly, perhaps with tears and longing, why they are so different from some she has known who clung to their mothers as babies, and have never ceased to cling. And if one should whisper the secret, what word would hold it more truly than—trimming?

HOW CAN IT BE DONE?

The question of how to get artistic cooking from the hand of a three-dollar-and-a-half cook from the Emerald Isle has puzzled the brain of your correspondent in all her nine years of house-keeping, and as the solving of the question has been at last achieved, perhaps a description of the devious and painful path to this partial success may be interesting if not helpful to your readers. In the first place it seemed quite a feasible undertaking to try and instruct the cook in the little and seemingly simple matter of seasoning, time (to be allowed by clock for different articles to be broiled or roasted), etc. The result of this was that after one or two trials our "artist cook" "could not be bothered, marm." She was used to *guessing*, with results more or less disastrous to the food. Then, as most of them have little or no idea of proportion, it was suggested that measuring was the only way; this worked only while the mistress was present to see. It was, and still is a tradition in New England that sewing is a feminine virtue not to be lightly set aside even for the more important accomplishment of cooking, but with the horror of dyspepsia before our vision shall we not rise up and exclaim against this ever-present sewing fiend and descend (only by stairs) to the kitchen and nip that American horror in the bud, by giving our intelligent thought to all matters of cookery? In France where cooking is one of the fine arts dyspepsia is not stalking the land warping the powers and denuding life of all brightness, for perhaps one-third of the population.

Let us begin with what in America is called the staff of life; a slender and unprofitable staff for the most part. How many families in our acquaintance have really good digestible bread? Is it not the rule to see home-made bread, not very light, sometimes sour, never more than tolerable at best on the tables of our friends? In France such bread would only be eaten by the working man. The French only endure the bread of the third raising. That is, bread that at the time in America it is put into the oven is molded and set to raise again in a rather cool atmosphere. Then when it nears the time when the baking shall be done the bread is put into the required shape and once more raised, this time in the hot atmosphere of the cooking stove, either on the top or at the side. If this process be managed with care the bread will be successful, light, porous and very digestible. It will be argued that the *boulangier Français* is an artist in his line and consequently the making of French bread could not be accomplished in the American kitchen, but your correspondent takes upon herself the responsibility of saying that French bread can be made if the mistress will lend her hand as well as her brain to the work. It is argued that cooking is hard work and so out of the question as one of the regular duties of the housekeeper. If any woman who has been busy with her pen or in any sedentary way, and gone from that to the kitchen to concoct some dish or delicacy for the table, she will bear me witness that the exercise demanded there will be a great relief to the constrained position she has been obliged to take in writing, sewing or drawing. The health of the coming generation demands that intelligent, pains-taking housekeepers, shall not leave the very important business of the household nourishment to the inexperienced cook. Let us look forward to the day when the cooking stove shall be elevated into an instrument of culture, and congratulate ourselves upon the strides already made in this direction, by the excellent cooking schools we now have in many cities in the Union. To be well nourished is to be equipped with strength for the labors and pleasures of life.

H. V. C.

OUR SOCIETY.

EDITED BY

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

The Wish to Rise.

SOCIAL ambition must surely be reckoned as among the most powerful temptations that beset our society. The nineteenth century Satan is extremely well dressed. He has the manners of a gentleman, and he takes those whom he would beguile up into the mountain of worldly prosperity and shows them all the possessions of this world and the glory of them. The defaulting cashier or bank president or the book-keeper who makes false entries and enriches his own bank account at the expense of his employer's, will not be found among the disciples of plain living and high thinking. It is not science or poetry or art, engrossing as these are, that leads a man into temptation. When an income of a little less than five hundred dollars came into the possession of the poet Wordsworth he wrote to a friend that at last he was happy, since he had money enough for his needs, and could devote himself henceforth to the work which he loved. But if he had had petty social ambition, if his life had been at all in the abundance of goods which he possessed, we should have had no intimations of Immortality—no picture of Highland reaper or country maiden to whom the floating clouds had lent their state, and beauty born of murmuring sound its charm.

But not every one can be poet or artist, and shall the man of business undervalue his own calling? By no means; and a legitimate business ambition is a thousand removes from the petty social ambition that leads men into temptation. To control great interests, to be the heart and soul of immense undertakings—of railroads that span continents, or cables that unite them—this is worthy of a man's endeavor. But the mere social ambition to live in luxury, to wear fine clothes, to entertain grand people, this kind of ambition was never at the root of any noble deed, save as the worm that cankers it is at the root of the flower. Louis XII of France said nobly that he would rather his courtiers should laugh at his economy than his people should weep at his extravagance; and this was a right royal sentiment, which is better worth remembering than most of the sayings of kings.

The moment a strong desire for social advancement seizes on a man or woman it commences to undermine the very foundations of character, and great shall be the fall thereof. "To keep up appearances," "To make a show," one of these sentences is only more vulgar than the other. The important thing is not to *appear* but to *be*. It is true, and pity 'tis 'tis true, that many people are shut out by limited and narrow fortunes from the society to which by right of taste and culture they should belong. But nothing proves more surely that they do *not* belong there than any attempt to force their way by means of shams. The grass is scarcely yet growing upon that grave in Sleepy Hollow where he lies, who above all men protested against shams, that seer of Concord, whose mantle there is no one left to wear. He deprecated even the too hasty or importunate seeking of what seems to belong to us. In his immortal essay on "Friendship" he wrote:

"You shall not come any nearer a man by getting into his house. If unlike, his soul only flees the faster from you, and you shall never catch a true glance of his eye. We see the noble afar off and they repel us; why should we intrude? Late, very late, we perceive that no arrangements, no introductions, no habits of society would be of any avail to establish us in such relations with them as we desire, but solely the uprise of nature in us to the same degree it is in them; then shall we meet as water with water, and if we should not meet them we shall not want them, for we are already they."

In this last sentence, it seems to me, lies the true cure for all unworthy striving after position. If our steady purpose is, each one, to raise himself, his own mind and spirit, to the highest standard possible for him, he will not only be too busy to pursue shams and shadows, but he will be secure of perpetual good society, since he will be always with himself. I think it must be that the reason so many people dread solitude is that they do not like the undisguised self that confronts them in lonely hours, and shrink from its better acquaintance.

I have been betrayed into moralizing. I meant to speak of the vulgarity, the ill-breeding of that kind of social ambition which leads people either to refrain from hospitality because they cannot have a French *chef* in their kitchens or Crown Derby and Sèvres upon their tables, or else to economize for weeks and make the whole household uncomfortable in order to give some grand entertainment of vulgar and unaccustomed amplitude.

And it is the worst, or the best, of these shams that they are always failures, that there is about them the unmistakable savor of unaccustomedness, and thus they fall even of their own poor intention. We divine instantly whether the household is to this manner born, and we smile inwardly, yet if we are tender-hearted with a little pity in our laughter. But at the very simplest form of entertainment—the berries and milk of a wayside farm, the chops and fried potatoes of a bachelor's breakfast—we do not laugh. Well served and hospitably offered they have all the sufficiency of a feast. May I quote Emerson again where he says: "I pray you, O excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bed-chamber made ready at too great a cost. These things they can get for a dollar in any village."

Do not think that I undervalue the attraction of a table spread with the daintiest damask and covered with china and silver that it is a delight to behold. Where these appointments are suitable to the purse and common to the daily life of their owners, they make no inconsiderable part of the pleasantness of living; but they are not a necessity, and they lose all their charm when they involve running in debt, or dishonesty or even the sacrifice of small daily comforts for a household. It is a poor sort of ambition that leads us to rob the Peter of comfort to pay the Paul of show—to live beyond our means at the cost of perpetual anxiety of mind, or of depriving ourselves of the pleasure of helping others. So to calculate our expenses and our pleasures as to bring them well within our income and leave an easy margin, is a receipt for cheerfulness and ease of mind that cannot be over-estimated.

Nothing more surely indicates the *parvenu* than boastfulness. The man who brings in the name of some fine acquaintance at every turn of the conversation is almost certain to be one whose acquaintance with any one who is fine is of yesterday. Really well-placed people do not need to advertise their connections in this manner.

Ostentation in dress is another mark of *newness*. The woman born to the purple knows when to wear her royal robes. You do not see her in silk at a picnic, or appearing in jewels and laces at breakfast. A simplicity which is almost exaggerated prevails, just now, in the best society. An American lady whom I met last summer in London said to me, in a tone of surprise, "Why, all the ladies I see out here have on chintz or gingham"—and it was true that you seldom saw a really fashionable woman in anything but the most simple and inexpensive toilet until dinner. Where an American girl would wear silk or velvet, an English girl would wear gingham or serge.

If it is essentially vulgar to *push*—to run after great people, or to affect a style of living beyond one's means—it is not only vulgar but contemptible to change one's friends with one's bettering fortunes. I know one highly successful man, whom the great world holds in distinguished honor, of whom it is said, among those who know him best, that his life has been like climbing a ladder, of which he successively kicked away each round as soon as he ceased to need it to step upon. Only noble minds are capable of gratitude, which is by no means a cheap virtue, since it is natural to the baser order of character to resent in another the very superiority which has enabled that other to help us. The spirit which is called time-serving is the spirit of a snob. The truly well-bred person will take infinitely more pains to put a retiring and shy acquaintance at his ease than to pay court to a rich one. Undue social ambition, moreover, infallibly defeats itself, since there is that element of perversity in human nature which leads most of the world far more readily to accord us what we have no appearance of too eagerly desiring.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

A young lady writes that she has asked a friend to make her a visit, and wishes to entertain her pleasantly and quietly. Shall she give card parties or *tableaux*? and how many should she ask, and how serve her refreshments?

These are questions which only knowledge of the young lady's manner of living would make it possible fully to answer. But at least she would not give a card party unless her guest were fond of games. A card party should be a small company, so that all may play. Simple refreshments may be handed round, or after an hour or two of playing the guests may adjourn to the dining-room for supper.

A party for *tableaux* should be larger, as the performers would want an audience. But my gentle correspondent need not fear, since she has the honest desire to give pleasure, but that she will succeed in doing so, if she adapts her entertainment to the size of her rooms, the depth of her purse, and the taste of her visitor.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

JILTED.

HER VERSION.
"Who is Ned?" Why I thought that you knew.
We once were engaged for a year!
Oh, but that was before I knew you—
That was ages ago, my dear.
"Over cordial!" Now Hubby for shame!
Such nonsense! Yes, that was his wife—
Demure little thing—and so tame—
Men do make such blunders in life.
Ned was such a good-hearted fellow—
"Devoted!" of course he was then!
Oh you need not frown and turn yellow,
I could have had a dozen men.
One thing I will say, however,
He's unhappy, that I can see:
Poor fellow! he probably never
Quite conquered his passion for me.
"Too poor!" yes, but proud as a lord—
When you came—Well, you know the rest—
Dear, you said you would take me abroad:
Yes! of course, I loved you the best!

HIS VERSION.
Ned, who is that overdressed lady
You greeted so warmly to-day?
What is it you're keeping so shady?
What is she to you anyway?
"That lady?"—the wife of a banker
(Thought her toilet remarkably fine),
By the way, you ought to thank her,
She was once an old flame of mine.
I offered my "congratulation,"
Nothing more—to tell you the truth
Our affair—mere infatuation,
In the days of my callow youth.
"Was she fond of me?" Well,
she said so;
"Did I love her?" We spooned for a year;
"Why didn't we marry?" Why, you know
I met you, and loved you, my dear.
Of course, we all knew that he
bought her—
Youth and beauty exchanged for pelf!
What? "If you weren't a rich man's daughter?"
My dear! I loved you for yourself!

THE TRUTH ABOUT IT.

'Twas the old, old story repeated:
Two young hearts that once beat as one:
Their twin aspirations defeated:
Two young lives forever undone!
You think so? You're sadly mistaken:
They each had a—something to sell.
Each fancied the other forsaken
And both, yes, they both "Married Well!"

H. O. W.

J. T. HARRIS, of Detroit, sends us the following:

"It is not often that one finds the sympathetic and combative elements of Irish character more finely blended than they are in the following story:

"Teddy Kelly was employed as a section hand on a railroad. In an unguarded moment he undertook to occupy the main track instead of allowing the priority to an express train that was overdue. After the train passed it was discovered that Teddy had been disfigured almost beyond recognition. His Emerald coadjutors gathered around the remains, bemoaned the untimely taking off of their comrade, and remarked what a pity it was that the poor fellow should have been so horribly mangled. After their flood of grief had spent its force it was suggested that one of their number be sent to break the sad news as tenderly as possible to Mrs. Kelly. Mr. Patrick Dolan was unanimously elected to perform this mournful service. He hurriedly betook himself to the Kelly mansion and knocked at the door with enough severity to suggest the hurling of a young thunderbolt. In a few moments the woman of the house was in the presence of the visitor, and the following conversation occurred:

"Dolan—Is the Widdy Kelly in?"
"Woman—No; the Widdy Kelly doesn't live here, but I'm Mrs. Kelly."
"Dolan—You're a liar, for the corpse is just comin' around the corner!"

TRYING TO BE AN ANGEL.—"How wicked we am when we sot down and sink it ober," said Bro. Gardner as the voice of the triangle struck the hour of seven. "While I keep tryin' to believe in heaben, I keep wonderin' how any of us will eber git dar. We mus' not envy, an' yit we do envy. We mus' not b'ar false witness, an' yit we am foreber stretchin' de truf. We mus' not lie, an' yit it comes so handy dat we can't help it. We mus' not steal, an'—an' some of us don't. Dat is, we doan' get inter a posishun to handle de funds. We mus' not be jealous, an' yit when de woman across de way, whose husband ains \$6 per week, sails out wid fo' new bonnets a y'ar, am it human natur fur my ole woman to look arter her an' not wish she had hold of her back ha'ar? We mus' not sw'ar, an' yit what am I to do when I strike the eand of a sidewalk plank wid my fut, or whack my thumb wid de hammer? Am it to be supposed dat I will calmly sot down and sing a gospel hymn?"

"When we trade hosses wid a man we cheat him. When a man wants to borry half a dollar of us we lie to him. We play

keerds, dance, go to the theatre and circus, and we doan' turn our backs on a dog fight. I tell you we am all poo', weak human beins' and eben while we flatter ourselves dat we am slidin' 'long toards heaben at de rate of a mile a minit we am all ready to pass a lead nickel on a street kyar company, or pocket de five dellah bill found in de post office. When I sot down at night an' pull off my butes an' put my feet in de oven an' get to thinkin' of how hard I try to be good, an' how powerful easy it is to be bad, I become so absorbed in my thoughts dat de ole woman has to hit me on de ear wid a tater to bring me back to airth an' start me out arter an armful of wood. Gemlen let us continer to try to be angels, but let us count on wrestlin' wid Satan about fo'ty times a day, an' on bein' frown flat on our backs ebery blessed time."—*Free Press*.

"WHEN I shake hands wid a stranger," said Brother Gardner, as silence fell upon the members, "I doan' keer two cents wheder his great gran'fader was a cabinet officer or a cobbler; wheder

his own gran'fader sold silks or kaliker; wheder his fader was a cooper or a statesman. De man I have to deal wid am de man befo' me, an' not de dust an' bones an' coffins ob his predecessors. He may size up well, or he may run to remnants; he may be squar', or he may be a bilk; he may be honest, or he may have de right bower up his sleeve—dat am fur me to find out. I doan' propose to fine hands wid a stranger becase his gran'fader cum ober wid de Pilgrims. Neither shall I lend five dollars to one o' my color on de ground dat his uncle weighed a ton an' shook hands wid three different Presidents. What a man he am, an' wheder his fader was a poet or a blacksmith, won't make him better or wuss. Size up your man on his own personal shape. It doan' matter to you what sort of a head his fader had, or how big his uncle's feet war'; he am de man you am doin' bizness wid. De pusson who trabels from dis kentry on nothing but de record made by some relative half a century since will land in jail as soon as in good society."



SUMMER VACATIONS AND HOW THEY ARE SPENT

A FASHIONABLE Austin lady is curious to know what kind of explosive stuff was in those letters that were sent through the mail to Vanderbilt and Field. She says if the stuff could cause any more explosion than a bill for her new bonnet, which her husband received in an envelope, it must be powerful stuff. She herself was blown up by the explosion.—*Exchange*.

"Few people," says a writer, "realize what a wonderfully delicate structure the human ear is." It is a remarkable organ, that's a fact. Ask a man for the loan of ten dollars and the chances are that he won't hear you. Softly whisper "Come up and take something," and the ear manifests an acuteness that is really marvelous.

"Yes, 'down with the encore;' that's what I say," said young Musicale; "it's a terrible bore to have to do a thing over again after you have done it as well as you can. Mother, pass up another piece of pie." "Down with the encore, my son," was the response, and he didn't get the pie.

"AND NOW," shouts an excited exchange, "where shall we look for independence?" Oh, friend and brother, searching and long-suffering fellow-sufferer, look in the kitchen, look in the kitchen!—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM has some very valuable jewelry. "One brooch," she says, "is most precious, as associated with Biblical history, for it came from Palestine, and is made of solid Amalekite."

A YOUNG lady who was squeezed between two freight cars says it felt just like trying on a pair of new corsets.

WHY is the earth like a school blackboard? Because the children of men multiply upon the face of it.

HE that lendeth to a tramp giveth to a saloonist.